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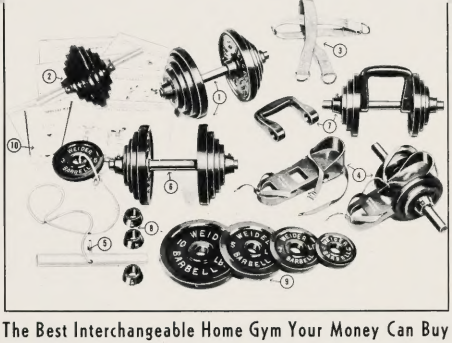

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Vol. 1 No. 3 MARCH 1951

WRESTLING

The Magazine For Wrestling Fans

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JOSEPH WEIDER AND GENE STANLEE

The other day I got into a conversation with a salesman. I had the lay outs of your WRESTLING magazine on the table, and not unnaturally, he expressed interest in my work. "I'll tell you one thing that always gives me a big laugh" he said. Interested, I inquired "What?"—"Well, it's just this. This bunch of wrestlers" he didn't notice my pained expression—"claim all sorts of high class education. Nearly every one of them is a college man and those that ain't can do everything from explaining the differential calculus to playing Paganini's most difficult violin Concerto"—I said not a word —"The truth of the matter is" he went on, encouraged by my silence "that these guys are so dumb that most all of them think a cow slip is a bovine's nightie." If any of them have a B.S. after their names, it means Big Slob rather than indicating their scholastic achievements."

What's the use of arguing with a guy like that? It gets you nowhere and it only causes strained relations. That kind of a fellow has a fixed idea in his mind and nothing or no one will knock it out. He is firmly convinced that wrestlers as a whole are dumb, stupid, fellows, muscled from the neck up and don't try to tell him otherwise. I could have explained how, only the night previous, I was arguing a nice point about the English Stuart Kings' politics with Don Eagle, or how Kola Kwariani has been recognized as one of the world's foremost chess experts, or the expert bridge playing of Strangler Lewis—but it would have been time wasted.

As a matter of fact, the ranks of the Grapplers have a higher proportion of intelligent and educated men than in any other sporting industry. A Carnegie Foundation report indicated that wrestlers are the top-ranking group in Educational Prowess among all the athletes. And in case that doesn't hold those who claim that the Mat Men are lame-brained, here are a few more facts—

George Hackenschmidt, famous oldtimer, has lectured at many American universities and is world-renowned for his books on Philosophy. In a recent visit to New York City, George challenged Professor Einstein to a debate on certain philosophical aspects.

Let's consider Ed Strangler Lewis. Aside from being an expert Contract Bridge hand, Lewis studied at the University of Kentucky, taking as subjects, Anatomy and the Nervous System . . . His knowledge was invaluable when he turned to professional wrestling a year or so later.

Then there's Captain Ralph Silverstein. Ruffy is a graduate of the University of Illinois—a Bachelor of Physical Education with three majors during his college career. He has taught in high school and during the war was commissioned—Captain—serving in the

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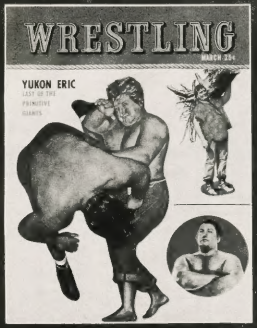

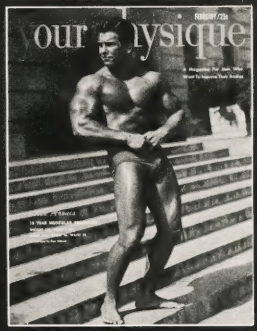

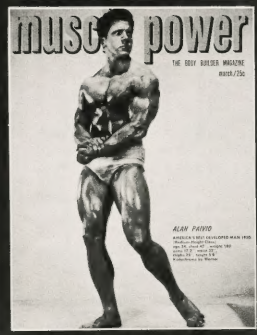

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EDITORIAL

ONE of the most profound statements is a very simple one—"You can't tell a book by the cover." Under many a gaudy colorful wrapping is a dry as dust story, many an apple with a rosy attractive skin covering a rotten, wormy core. It is an unfortunate fact that the majority of people judge things by outward appearances. If it looks good from the outside, if it glistens, shines, presents a prepossessing appearance then people naturally think its qualities are all that are to be desired. The History of folk lore and legend is full of proverbs that warn of the acceptance of mere looks—"An empty barrel makes most noise" —"All that glitters isn't gold"—"Don't judge a man by his tailor" and innumerable others. One would imagine that the population, over the years, might wise up, or at least, use a reverse reasoning and figure that if a gaudy exterior indicated a bad inside, then a rough hewn countenance could easily cover a number of surprising features of mind and personality.

It is again unfortunate that the great majority of people in general, and wrestling fans in particular, are misled by battered noses and bruised bodies. To them, the trade marks of the Mat Man, the cauliflower ears and thick neck, the broad shoulders and confident bearing mean but one thing—DUMB CLUCK. Dim wits and rugged "Bill Sykes" features are considered as mutual as coffee and cream. In fostering this legend, Reporters and sports scribes have willingly or unwittingly played the major part. The character of "Bruiser Bill," a man of Brawn in abundance and little brain to go with it, is entirely in keeping with the popular conception of a Professional Wrestler. A "tin ear" is the mark of the beast and violence, a frame bulging with muscle covers a brutal personality—Yet how easily they forget that a beautiful face might conceal a soul of sawdust and a pitiless heart, while all too often, the rough rugged individual is a gem of top brilliance hiding his lustre beneath the battered face and rough speech.

Wrestlers are human—they're people just like you and I, making their living the hard way. Their job of work is tough and the money they get more than well earned. Theirs is an occupation few would enter without a great deal of debate and soul searching. The occupational hazards are many with but one bright redeeming feature, the good purses—pay! And yet these purses are won as are no others. No unions bargain for the Grappler, protest the cost of living rise for him—demand more in the way of working conditions! No labor bosses negotiate in long drawn out sessions for his right to be accepted as an hon-

(*Continued on page* 47)

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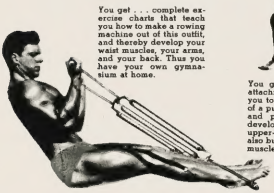

You get . . . complete exercise charts that teach you how to make a rowing machine out of this outfit, and thereby develop your waist muscles, your arms, and your back. Thus you have your own gymnasium at home.

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1. Mike Mazurki, the movie bad man and mat menace, mauls Roland Meeker a favorite wrestling star among Eastern fans. Mike who is ever tough in the ring is a gentleman out of it. Watch for his complete life-story shortly to appear.

wrestling whirl....

SHORTS ABOUT THE MAT SPORT

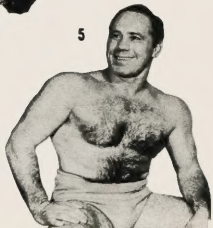
(see next page)

2. One of the greatest wrestlers, LeRoy McGuirk, who has beaten Rocca and other greats has successfully battled blindness. A former ex Jr. Heavyweight champion, LeRoy is loved and admired by everyone in our sport.

3. Wild Red Berry's enigmatic behavior puzzles fans. Brutal in the ring, Berry runs a school for boys in his spare time at a local health institute.

4. Dutch Schweigart has blossomed into a great wrestler and into the new name given him by his fans, "The Great Scott." A genuine Highlander, he came to this country as a boy. He is a great mat tactician and is a man to be feared anytime.

5. A wrestler's wrestler. Captain Ruffy Silverstein is one of America's all time greats. He is presently campaigning for a title shot, beating everyone who comes across him. Promoters acknowledge him as the most scientific mat man today.



Oh NO—it CAN'T be—! Gorgeous George with hair do ruffled, in addition to his feelings as a fan points accusingly. Perfumed George looks sad and sorry and opponent contemptuous.

Nature Boy Buddy Rogers has his cloak removed by "slave girl." Rogers, a rising young mat man is full of color in his grappling as well as personality.

wrestling whirl

HERBIE FREEMAN, popular Jewish Grappler, has just returned to his native New York after a long tour along the Pacific Coast. While in California, promoters insisted on booking him as Pierre La Sartasse, hero of the French Underground—that accounts for Herbie's Parisian accent these days.

Former World Champion, Earl Caddock, recently passed away at his home in Walnut, Iowa. A brilliant amateur grappler, Caddock turned pro before the first World War and took the Heavyweight title from Joe Stecher in 1917, losing to Stecher in the following year. Caddock was 62 years of age when he died.

'Tis whispered around the rings that Ernie Dusek—member of the Riot Squad—pinned Primo Carnera in Omaha, Nebraska not too long ago.

Sensational new Mat Star in the Californian clubs is "the Great Scott." One of the top Eastern attractions for Toots Mondt a few seasons ago, he then wrestled under the name of Johnny "Dutch" Schweigart. Enjoying little popularity he took that well known advice to "Go West." Complete with bright Tartan gown, Bagpipes and Scots Piper, the Great Scott is a wrestler of no mean ability. Watch for his New York City appearance soon.

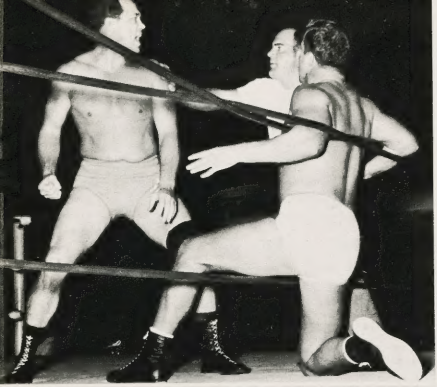
Rumor is persistent concerning the Olympic Wrestling Champion Henry Wittenburg turning in his amateur card for the professional ranks. A sergeant on the New York Police Force, Wittenburg is undefeated in close to 400 amateur bouts and would get a tremendous build up if ever he deserted the ranks of the "simon pures." He is definitely one of the greatest wrestlers America has ever produced.

Andre Drapp caused a sensation in his American debut the other night. One of the best Mat men to come out of France since Henry deGlane. Young, handsome, with the physique of a Greek god, Drapp is a definite ladies drawing card—a cinch to click with the Bobby Sock Brigade—and, joyful news, girls—He's single.

Buddy Rogers engaged in a roaring riotous match with Champion Lou Thesz in Texas and is howling that the referee, Jack Dempsey, famous Manassa Mauler, gave him a fast count. Rogers is demanding a return bout.

Spotlight on Gorgeous George — The Chanel No. 5 spraying one is 34 years of age, married and hails from Seward, Nebraska. His real name is George Wagner and he now lives in Beaumont, California where he owns a turkey ranch of 200 acres. The Gorgeous One earns $200,000.00 per year—needless to say he is a Favorite Son of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Many wrestlers would be happy to settle for what Georgie pays out in income taxes.

Morris Shapiro is now wrestling under the name of



Vic Holbrooke tells the referee his fortune as official holds him back from Mike Sharpe. Vic only wants to kick Mike's teeth out, but there's always some guy to stop the fun.

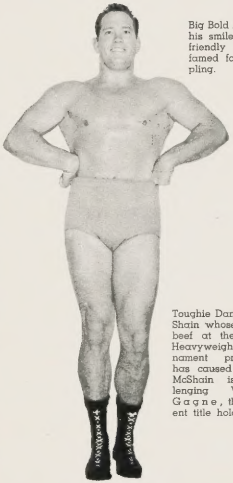
The Great Scott with his personal Pipers Colin and "Rabbie" Campbell. A Highland Games Champion, Scott regularly visits his native Scotia to defend his royal title.

The Mighty Atlas and is leading drawing card for promoter Fred Kohler in Chicago. An immensely powerful wrestler. Atlas is a master of the deadly "Full Nelson."

Speaking of holds, not many Mat Men of today are famed for any one particular bone crusher. Oldtimers all had their pet grips and the thrill of the evening, from the fan's standpoint was when one of the men finally clamped his specialty on an opponent. Joe Stecher had his renowned figure four scissors. Strangler Lewis gained undying fame with his skull pulping headlock, while Jimmy Londos, the Golden Greek applied the Japanese arm hold with amazing facility. Closed to present day grappling is Chief Little Wolf who originated the Indian Death Lock. Don Eagle also uses that painful torturer. No wrestling fan who has followed the sport over the past two decades can ever forget the flying scissors of Jim Browning—his method of executing that hold has NEVER been duplicated. Danno O'Mahoney was another star who won the World's Championship with a singular particularly spectacular throw—the Irish Whip. Today's mat men use a greater variety of throws, trips and slams than ever before. That's what makes present day Pro Wrestling so popular. It's action packed and NEVER lags in tempo.

Some battle in Montreal between Yukon Eric and Lou Thesz, giant from St. Louis. Beside the Titanic man from the Frozen North, Lou Thesz—6 foot three inches and scaling 240 lbs. looked like a baby. The bout was declared no contest during the third and final fall when the giant

(*Continued on page* 48)



Big Bold Bad Man Vic Holbrooke flashes his smile at the camera. Don't let that friendly grin fool you. Holbrooke is famed for his savage brand of grappling.

Toughie Dannie McShain whose recent beef at the Junior Heavyweight Tournament promoters has caused a stir. McShain is challenging Verne Gagne, the present title holder.

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LET'S *Wrestle*

by Charles A. Smith

Our editor in chief takes you through the first wrestling stages right up to championship form. Don't miss a single chapter of this most thorough series, ever presented on Wrestling Science.

One of the most valuable assets for the wrestler is SPEED. Without this quality, you can be as powerful as a bull yet always liable to be cut down to size by the first experienced Mat Man who comes along. No athlete is worth a dime if he telegraphs his intentions or is incapable of getting on the mat and staying there for a fast, furious, twenty minutes bout. Pure muscular power counts for nothing if you have no speed of reflex or strength of lungs. Ruffy Silverstein amply illustrated this when he told me of a man, renowned for his superhuman power and marvelous build. At the University of Illinois where this man was an artists' model, Ruffy took him down to the gymnasium for a workout with the wrestling squad. Inside of 5 minutes, a 145 pounder had reduced the mass of muscle to a helpless, breathless, gasping wreck. True, he was unversed in the Mat Art, yet it was pitiable that he had no staying power for all his strength and size. It is good to record that as well as a body, the Strong Man had a mind and today he is famous for his Grappling Science and speed and can carry on the fight no matter how long the bout lasts.

He had been taught a lesson and he had profited by it. He realized that his showing was disgraceful and he DID something about it. He wasn't content to let things remain as they were and so he took the first step which led him to fame and fortune. Let's do as he did and first take up the matter of developing SPEED. Side by side with knowing what to do is this matter of speed, applying a hold with lightning-like rapidity, clamping it on while your opponent is still wondering what to do. Right from the start you must make up your mind to act instinctively—to think and at the same time ACT. Only by constant practice of each and every hold illustrated in this course will you reach this condition. When you have decided on a plan of action don't hesitate, but go right in as rapidly as you can. If you are blocked, swing right into a counter hold—train so that eventually YOUR MUSCLES THINK for you—this is perhaps the best definition of "instinct" yet—Muscles thinking for you. How is this speed to be developed? There are many methods in use and here are some of them. If you are training with an experienced wrestler, ask him to choose a particular moment in your training to call out a certain hold—for instance: Supposing you have him on all fours and are working on him. He might call out "Hammer Lock and Crotch Hold"—or "Half Nelson." As soon as he does this, smack that hold on with absolutely no delay—as fast as you can. Keep this up and utilize this training method at all times. Ask your training partner to spring this on you when you least expect it. Another speed conditioner is medicine ball throwing. With five or six men standing in a circle and throwing the ball to one another, without previous indication as to who will catch it, sharpens the reflexes and puts an edge on your condition. Try and catch your partners out so that they will get the full benefit of the training by taking them off guard. Then they are forced to move quickly in order to prevent the ball striking them.

Ball Punching is good for speeding up the action of the arms, and skipping for the feet. Another method used to develop fast reflexes is to stand with your back to a training partner. Have him about eight feet away when he throws a medicine ball at you, and at the same time get him to call out. Spin swiftly around and catch the ball.

Never forget that swiftness of action is essential if you are to develop into a GOOD wrestler. There are thousands of men who know "wrestling holds" but few who are good Mat men simply because the vast number of athletes who enter wrestling never bother to cultivate the SPEED OF WRESTLING ACTION. If your adversary blocks your attempts, attack his weakest point with all the power and rapidity of which you are capable. One important point to observe is that you must NEVER allow the cultivation of swiftness to take the place of wrestling "know how." Yet together, you will possess an unbeatable combination

(*Continued on page* 45)

Lee Henning the big bad man from the Canadian backwoods. "I'm tough," says Henning, "and I don't care who knows it." Henning can wrestle but prefers bashing bruising tactics.

Here's Ray Schwarz, one time famed amateur and now cutting swathes through the professional ranks. A tip top mat scientist. Ray is famed for his "Go Get 'Em" style.

NEW FACES FROM NEW PLACES

by Leo Gaudreau

"Mmmm Yummy, pass the salt and pepper," says the Wolf Man as he clams from Gene Dubuque's hams. Gene doesn't like being made a meal of.

Lucky Simonovitch, the colorful cop from the South Sea islands. Grappling in Hawaii gained him fame and acclaim and now Lucky lays 'em low in Canada.

A Monthly Round Up Of Wrestling Crowd Pleasers, All Rising Young Stars And Skilled Veterans.

THERE's a little story told about Jack Curley, the late, great wrestling promoter. Seems he was sitting in a train and got talking to his companion—a nice respectable well-dressed man—finally they worked around to asking names. "I'm Jack Curley," the grappling impresario told him. "Oh, the head of the crooked wrestling racket," replied his companion. "What game are you in?" asked Jack. "I'm a banker in Springfield, Massachusetts," was the reply. Curley let out a big laugh. "What's the joke?" the money man inquired. "I'm just thinking of a show I gave in the Atlanta Penitentiary," Jack said. "I brought a troop of wrestlers in and the whole crowd of prisoners got a real kick out of the show. When it was all over, some of the 'cons' came over to shake my hand—" and went on Curley, "Do you know there were nineteen bankers in that mob and not a single wrestler!"

NEW FACES FROM NEW PLACES

There the story is. Whether it's true or not doesn't matter. What does matter is the idea behind Curley's argument — no wrestling show is robbery — no bout crooked, for when you pay your dough at the box office, you go right in and get value for your money. You get entertainment plus—two, three or four hours of thrilling, spine-tingling tackling, of brawling, bruising, grappling, dished out by tetrarchs of the trip and toss 'em trade . . . men, even as you and I . . . regular guys, earning their living the hard way. Rough, tough, hard-fought battles . . . no phony holds . . . no pushing or theatrical slapping . . . just man to man rough and ready, he-man scientific wrestling. Orthodox, fast, smashing and unyielding . . . with the best man emerging the winner. No fake here . . . often both victor and vanquished leave the mat, bruised, sore and even with broken bones. These are the real men of wrestling . . . the great backbone of a great industry. You can bet your last dollar that you get honest value plus when you sit back to take in an evening at your local arena!

Let's take a gander at George Babich, one of grappling's latest sensations. George is a graduate of Fordham University with a B.A. degree. Babich came from Bayonne High School and at Fordham was prominent on the basketball, football and baseball teams. In fact, during the 1942-43 season, he made the basketball team captaincy, gaining renown as a sterling end on the gridiron squad and being voted the school's most outstanding athlete in the '43 graduation class, as well as making the wrestling team.

After graduation, George continued his athletic activity first taking up the job of coaching the St. Peter's College basketball team in Jersey City. The team won 17 out of 22 games under his first year of direction. He then took a fling at pro soccer playing "goalie" for the Brookhattans of the American Soccer League, then turning to pro basketball with the Jersey City Atoms.

George's career was interrupted by the war. Spending two years with the Naval flying forces in the Orient, he also starred as pitcher in the Navy baseball teams. In one game he hurled a six-hit game for the Defender All Stars against the 7th Air Force at Honolulu, holding hitless such sluggers as Joe DiMaggio, Dillinger, Lodigiani and Priddy. But for the three year break in his athletic life, Babich might well have been a pitching star of the major leagues. Standing 6 feet 4 inches and scaling 225 lbs. he is regarded as something of a newcomer to the mat game, yet he has already displayed that athletic versatility which enabled him to excel at so many other sports. Favoring the scientific side of wrestling, George relies on pure grappling "know how" to subdue his adversaries. The head lock and the nelsons in combination with a crotch or hold form his favorite methods of beating opposing mat men. A fast counter wrestler, Babich never fails to please the crowd with

(*Continued on page* 46)

"Oh—the agony of it all, exclaims Lucky Simonovitch as Mike Mazurki clamps on a body stretch. The movie villain obviously has Lucky well tied up.

Gene Dubuque, the Leopard Man exhibits his tremendous physical development. Gene, a powerful man and a great grappler is destined for fame.

Oooooh, it's that Mauling Mormon again. Frank Jares is rarin' to go and don't let anyone get in his way. Jares is soon to appear on the East coast.

Brother Frank Jares, the Mormon Mayhem artist. Nothing brotherly about Frank when he bashes and brawls his way around the ring.

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POPULARITY RATINGS of the champions.....

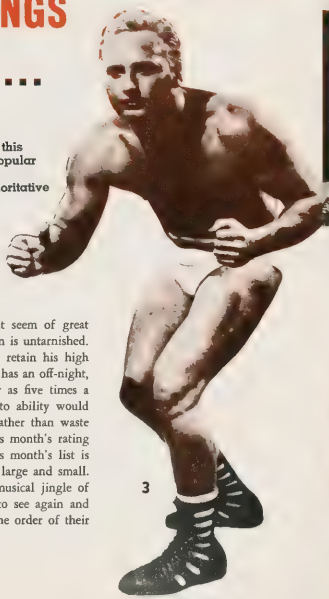
by The Editors

Due to popular request, the editorial staff has this month prepared a rating of the ten most popular wrestlers. We trust the readers appreciate the gigantic effort that went behind this authoritative feature. We hope you like it!

In our last issue, the World's Wrestlers were rated according to their ability. It was the intention of the editorial staff to continue this department on a monthly basis and insert any major change that might have taken place during the preceding thirty days. As we pointed out in our last listing, changes in a wrestling rating are not always conclusive. What can happen from one issue to another might seem of great importance, yet affect the grappler's status so minutely that his reputation is untarnished.

A leading man might easily lose a match to an unknown and still retain his high position, while the victor of the upset will remain unlisted. Every athlete has an off-night, especially when you consider that some wrestlers are booked as many as five times a week. We bring up this point again to show that ratings according to ability would change very little, if at all, during any particular four-week period. Rather than waste valuable space reprinting the same information month after month, this month's rating has been changed to listing the stars in order of their popularity. This month's list is based strictly on the attendance records of the nation's wrestling clubs, large and small. These are the men who keep the turnstiles in a merry whirl to the musical jingle of cash in the box office—the men who the public clamor for and pay to see again and again. Listed below are the world's most popular mat artists rated in the order of their public appeal.

POPULARITY RATINGS OF CHAMPIONS
(*Continued on page* 38)



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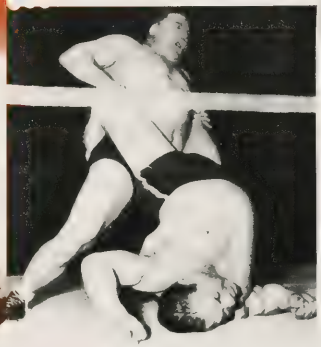

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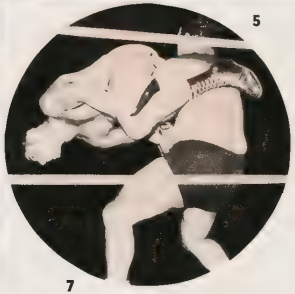

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1 The tremendous and damaging power of Rocca's legs is illustrated here in his bout against Gino Garibaldi. Rocca is the greatest drawing card today.

2 Leo Garibaldi, son of Gino. Following in his father's footsteps, Leo has proved himself in a score of battles and is strongly fancied for Junior Heavyweight honors.

3 Another big drawing card, Gene Stanlee. The Mr. America of the mat is famed for his feminine pulling powers and packs the stadiums with the "Gentler"? Sex.

4 Don Eagle, the Mohawk Indian who upset the ring ratings when he beat Frank Sexton recently Don is fast and possessed of a multitude of holds. His ring science is superb.

5 The celebrated Primo Carnera. Returning to his first love—grappling —Carnera carved out a new career and found his way to fame and fortune.

6 Regarded by many as the greatest grappler in the world today, Bert Assirati, British, European and Empire champ, writhes in the grip of a body scissors. Bert is undefeated in the last twenty years—a terrific record!

7 Frank Palacios gives the "heave ho" to Leo Garibaldi. The youngster, tough tested with veteran Frank, is one of the mat's most promising younger fry.

8 Don Eagle clamps an arm lock on popular Gene Stanlee. Their recent match at the Ridgewood Arena was a sizzling action packed bout.

9 Oh I do declare! If it isn't that slap happy, perfume sprayed, silk clad Gorgeous "Call me Honey" George. Pouting and flouncing around the ring, George pulls in the fans.

THE STORY OF STRANGLER LEWIS...

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The story of **ED STRANGLER LEWIS**

The story of one of America's most fabulous grapplers, who is recognized by most wrestlers and promoters today as the perfect wrestling machine and one of the greatest mat men that ever lived.

by Joseph Weider

"THAT's a darn fine magazine you have there, son," said the promoter. "Did something I rarely find time for these days—read it through from cover to cover. Sure glad to see a publication like WRESTLING on the stands. It's what the game badly needs—specially enjoyed that Lewis-Stecher story," he replied, when I asked him pointedly about the magazine's features. "Now there was some wrestler—Ed Lewis! Knew him like the palm of my hand. We were just like brothers. Trained together and fought each other—never had a bad word and gave one another a heck of a lot of friendship.

"There have been men come into this office who had every natural advantage—looks, strength, build, wrestling ability, yet somehow they never made the grade. The public didn't want them, they were booed out of the ring, they were given the well-known 'Bronx Cheer'—There have been others who knew as much about grappling as that table does—no looks, no build to speak of, yet the public took them to their hearts. They had that certain something, that personal magnetism which drew you to them as a magnet draws iron. I have seen men with the strength of lions and the wrestling science of Pesek and Gotch rolled into one, prove dismal flops because they didn't have—GUTS! I have seen others who made name, fame and fortune because they could carry on with a fractured jaw and ribs—stand up and grin into their opponent's faces when they had blood streaming from them—because they had courage and the will to win.

"Whatever quality in the mysterious human chemistry that makes a man what he is, Ed Strangler Lewis must have had a thousand times his fair share—He had everything! Tremendous endurance, strength, wrestling science, personality and for sheer guts—well, he was the gamest man the sport of wrestling has ever seen. Lewis was a symbol of his time—the roaring, golden, colorful Twenties. There are three athletes of that time whose names will never be forgotten—Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth and—Ed Strangler Lewis! In this dazzling legendary decade, there were famous wrestlers by the scores—Stecher, Zybysco, Caddock, Cutler, Londos, Padoubny, Kwariani and a host of other star performers, yet Ed towered above them all. He was THE champion, the idol of millions, the national hero. His big, barrel-like chest housed a fighting heart and grinding endurance. His massive arms a gigantic gorilla-like strength—a power that could pulp his adversaries' skulls. He kept on wrestling

1 The greatest of the greats, Ed Strangler Lewis, clamps a vicious head lock on Dick Shikat in their 1934 Madison Square Garden bout. They were wrestlers in those days

2 The Strangler all poised for the kill. An opponent's eye view of the celebrated wrestler as he came in for the finish. Note the powerful shoulders.

3 A younger Ed Lewis demonstrates the head lock with which he downed Joe Stecher, the Scissors King to win the world championship. A skull pulping hold, it won him his matches.

4 Another Lewis-Shikat match at the Long Island Bowl. Lewis pinned his formidable opponent after one hour and six minutes of savage grappling.

5 An exclusive shot of Ed Lewis and Tiny Roebuck, Indian boxer and wrestler, conditioning for a bout. Lewis was always eager to aid the young athletes in their match preparations.

6 The former world's champion acts as referee in the movie "Bodyhold." A master of the mat art, Lewis is noted for his impartial officiating.

7 Lewis the business man. A shot of Lewis as he returned from a talent scouting foray abroad. Until recently publicity relations man for the NWA, Lewis now manages Lou Thesz.

8 Another rare shot of Lewis after his marriage to Miss Elaine Tomaso. The size and power of his arms is apparent even through his coat sleeve.

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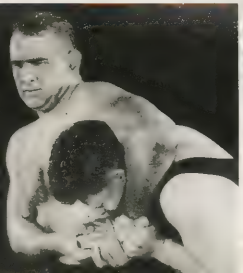

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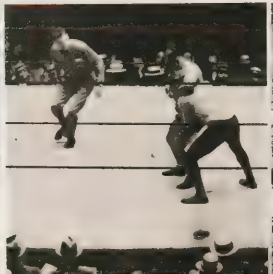

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THE STORY OF STRANGLER LEWIS...

Another challenger goes down to defeat. Lewis clamps on his head lock in a Garden 1933 bout, as Sandor Szabo squirms and struggles.

A head scissors finishes off Jim Browning as Lewis meets him for the title. Browning's toughest matches were against Ed Strangler Lewis—the "Daddy of them all."

when other men collapsed from sheer utter exhaustion—He took punishment and dished it out. He could absorb torture that made other men whimper in agony and he never wrestled in a match without leaving his mark on the other man."

Toots Mondt smiled gently and fingered his damaged, battered left ear. "I'll never forget the time I first met Ed. It was in San Francisco in 1921. Lewis was staying at a hotel kept by two old vaudeville actors—Schenley and Furnace. It was they who had grub-staked Ed when he started wrestling as a kid. Even then, he had that magnetic glow which captured people, enthralled them, and the two old actors saw he had something out of the ordinary. His gigantic belief in his power to make good, to be a champion, convinced them that Ed would make the grade. He was already famous in that far-off year of 1921 and as I sat waiting in front of the hotel, my heart was beating with excited anticipation. Suddenly, a huge glistening eight-cylinder Lincoln roared up to the door, and Ed jumped out. Rushing up to the hotel desk, he handed the clerk $8,000 in cold cash, his cut from a wrestling gate. I had just started out in the 'pro' ranks at this time and had $60 in my pockets—my total worldly wealth, so you can imagine how this mass of money impressed me.

"Lewis' real name was Bob Fredericks. He was born in Nukoosa, Wisconsin, his father being chief of police of that town. Lewis learned his wrestling in the local high school and by the time he was sixteen, had earned quite a reputation in the county. When he went to college—University of Kentucky, he took to professional wrestling as the means of paying his way through the 'Seat of Learning.' Lewis studied anatomy there, and gained quite a reputation as one of the University's wrestling coaches.

"Lewis was first started on his career by a promoter in Charleston, North Carolina, who got him a booking in Atlanta. After he had been wrestling in the preliminary bouts for some time, he was seen in action by Billy Sandow. Sandow at once saw that Lewis had everything—that here was the champion of the future. Everything about the kid spelled class. His speed—his endurance and gameness and the thrilling manner in which he pinned his opponents gave him that aura, that glow of quality that only the great possess.

"Sandow took him in hand, managed him, taught him the finer points of the game, gave him that polish, that finished appeal so that from the rough diamond of the preliminary matches, emerged a gem of dazzling brilliance, of unsurpassed wrestling skill. Wisely, cleverly, Sandow kept him under cover, hiding his newfound skill, concealing his acquired science and suddenly challenging the famous Joe Stecher. Here was an absolute unknown offering to take on a man whose name was a household word,

(*Continued on page* 40)

The "Soto Gake" hold—or belt grabbing throw. The Sumo man lifts his opponent and slams him down with this grip.

The "Saka Tottari" or arm lock hold. Clamped on securely, the aggressor swings his opponent out of the ring.

The "Hikkake Trip." With an arm lock securely on, the Sumo wrestler smacks his thigh against the back of his adversary's leg knocking him to the ground.

The "Tyon Mage" hair style of the novice wrestler.

"O Ityo Mage," the hair dressing of the champion wrestler.

The "Kuri Mage," hair styling of the advanced novices, or those who have had their first bout in the arena. The hair protects the brain from injury.

SUMO wrestling

by Reg Park

the fighting spirit of old Japan

THESE are the days of long-haired wrestlers and colorful ring clothing, the present crop of mat men plentifully sprinkled with athletes who have fancy hairdo's and multi-spangled cloaks, as liberally colored as the coat of Joseph. Gorgeous George with his fanciful ceremony in the ring and his upswept hair style—Gene Stanlee of the blond tresses and golden jackets—Lord Carlton—The Great Scott—and a host of others all rely on distinctive mannerisms, eccentric acts and jackets that look like costumes out of a musical comedy, and for one reason, to attract the public—to build up publicity. By these hairdo's and bright colored clothes are they known. These are their trademarks—like the signature tunes of the bigtime jazz bands. And they are in no sense new for these special styles of dressing the hair and donning garments of many hues have been part of the ceremonies attending Sumo wrestling for thousands of years.

SUMO wrestling

the fighting spirit of old Japan

The Sacred Rope, the "Yokozuna," the wearing of which confers honor and respect on its owner. Only the upright and clean living are chosen to wear it.

1 A "Yokozuna" wrestler arrayed in his ceremonial loin cloth and sacred rope. This handsome man is champion of Japan.

2 The umpire enters the ring for a bout. Note from his dress that he is of the First Rank officials.

3 A first rank wrestler in his ceremonial dress and loin cloth. The decorations indicate that he has won championships. Observe the tremendously powerful build.

4 After the ring ceremonies and homage to the opposing team is over, the Sumo wrestlers leave the ring.

5 Even children are Sumo enthusiasts in Japan. Steeped deep in religious traditions and significance, Sumo wrestling is the national sport of Japan.

6 Here the Sumo men—both opposing teams, gather together under the ring canopy to take part in the pre-bout ritual. Of particular interest is the packed audience.

7 The audience is tense as the Sumo wrestlers come to grips. Sumo audiences number in their tens of thousands.

8 The Champion Wrestler performs the ceremony of "Dezuiri"—the offering of respect to his opponent and the opposing team. The Sacred Rope is indicative of his status.

9 The same Sumo man issues his challenge to his adversary by a heavy thump of the foot onto the mat.

10 Another champion wrestler undergoes the ritual of "dezuiri." This ceremony is obligatory for all Japanese mat men.

Let's take a look at a Sumo school and see how the novices are introduced to their trade. When a young man makes up his mind to turn professional, he first has to become the pupil of a retired wrestler, a member of the Grapplers Association. Then comes a severe physical examination. If he is under 20 years of age, he must weigh at least 150 lbs. and be 5 ft. 6 inches in height. Older than 20 he must be 5 ft. 7 inches and scale 168. He must be free of any disease and have the full consent of his parents. His daily training is hard and thorough. Grounded in every hold, push, or slapping Sumo trick, he is matched constantly against other beginners and is gradually raised in wrestling rank according to the showing he makes in these bouts. His first promotion is to the ranks of the "Mae Zumo" then to the Hontyu class. These grades are filled with novices exclusively and their names do not appear in tournament lists. When a Sumo man's ability becomes recognized he is promoted to even yet higher ranks—It's much like our schooling system. First kindergarten, then grade school, then junior high, high school and finally college. After the grade school and high school stages, the wrestler advances into the freshman ranks—the "Zyo-no-kuti"—then the Zyo-nidan or sophomores—after that the junior and senior grades known as "Sandanme" and "Nidan-me." From here, the Sumo grappler graduates and is considered a "Maku-no-uti" or "First Rank" wrestler and then his advancement is based solely on his victories on competition results.

The rank of the wrestler is indicated by the manner in which his hair is fixed. As he climbs the grappling ladder, so his hair is allowed to grow longer and is gathered into a queue and "top knot." The First Rank men down to the junior grade use the style known as "O-ityo-mage." Freshmen and sophomores have their hair tied in a simpler manner—the "kuri mage" while the novices whose hair is not allowed to grow long, wear the "tyon mage" or plain queue. And it might be added that this custom is not entirely based on tradition. There is a very practical reason back of it, for the top knot at all times serves to protect the head from possible accidents which may occur during a wrestling bout.

The colorful loin clothes and the "sacred rope" worn by the Sumo men are both of religious importance. In ancient times when prayers were offered before each bout, the honor of making the prayer was reserved for the most powerful mat man, one who was of high moral integrity. He it was who wore the Sacred Rope, the "Yokozuna." In course of time, the meaning of the ceremony underwent a change and the rope was worn by all men of the highest rank of wrestler. The rope is placed around the middle on top of the loin cloth, and is worn during an actual bout by all those entitled to the honor. They are ushered into the ring with great ceremony, accompanied by a wrestler of the highest rank and followed by another in the capacity of a guardsman and sword bearer.

The scene as the ring is filled with the Sumo men, for the pre-bout ceremonies is not duplicated in any part of the athletic world. It is truly magnificent, imposing, as these giants are arranged on the east and west sides of the stage clothed in their highly decorated loincloths of the finest silk. Richly embroidered with gold and silver, with silk threads and strings of many colors, the cloths serve only to show off the exceptional stature and tremendous power of the wrestlers. Here again, rank determines the type of loin cloth worn, with the more highly decorated ones worn by the top flight grapplers. There are three types of cloths. The one used in training, the one for the actual bout, the "mawasi," and the third, worn for the ring ceremony, the decorated loin cloth or the "kesyo mawasi."

When all the champions are gathered, they observe the time-honored ceremony, significant because of the athletic oath of fair play and because it also serves to indicate that all wrestlers scheduled for the tournament are present. When the ritual is completed, the men leave the ring and the bouts begin—

While Sumo wrestling may at first seem quite simple, yet it has a very

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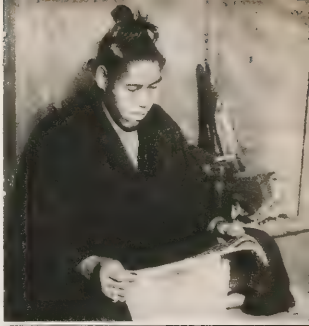


A champion wrestler reads the official list on tournament entrants. His status is denoted by his hair style—the "O Ityo Mage."

A Japanese wrestler is helped from the ring after he has been thrown against a post head first. Sumo is an exceedingly rough sport.

The end of the trail for three former champions. In retirement ceremonies, the men have their "O Ityo Mage" hair style clipped short, signifying their retirement from Sumo wrestling.

YUKON ERIC...

the colossus of the Klondike

by George F. Jowett

With an avalanche of might and muscle, this ponderous and superb token from the white man's last frontier, stalks across our civilized scenes—an inevitable threat to the lordly kings of the mat. Mat history will write in sonorous tones of the devastating march of this young giant.

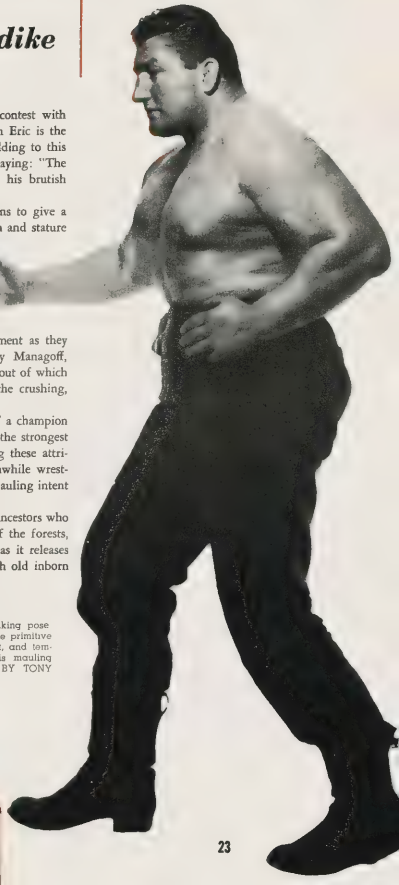
PRIMO CARNERA, mastodon of the mat, after his gruelling contest with the Mighty Eric, made the praiseworthy statement that: "Yukon Eric is the toughest, and the strongest man I have ever wrestled." And, adding to this magnificent tribute, Sammy Berg, voices his expert opinion by saying: "The Alaskan can break in half the so-called greats of today with his brutish power."

These statements coming from two men with the qualifications to give a reliable opinion causes one to pause in wonder as to the strength and stature of a man given such physical precedence over the present congregation of matmen, who among them muster an army of giants in size, strength and battling ferocity never before witnessed in the long history of wrestling.

At this hour of writing, 16,000 mat fans assembled in the Montreal Forum, are quivering with a primordal excitement as they witness the astonishing spectacle of the pre-invincible Bobby Managoff, reduced to a twitching, helpless mass of bruised flesh and bone, out of which the last particle of conscious resistance has been squeezed by the crushing, mauling might of this young Nimrod of the North.

Wrestling fans, accustomed to estimating the qualifications of a champion by his superior science, mat-craft, and dazzling speed to subdue the strongest of men, are dumbfounded at the phenomena of a man, lacking these attributes, by brute strength alone, and without any previous worthwhile wrestling experience, stalk his opponents to defeat with the deadly, mauling intent of the grizzly.

It stirs in their minds long submerged primitive memories of ancestors who once dauntlessly grappled barehanded with the savage brutes of the forests, and the tundras. It quickens their blood with age-old passions as it releases pent-up emotions. Their weakling fibers become dynamized with old inborn



The stalking Colossus of the Klondike in a striking pose portraying primitive power and force. He has the primitive will to absorb a gigantic amount of punishment, and tempers his courage in battle always leaving his mauling marks on all his opponents. ALL PHOTOS BY TONY LANZA.

YUKON ERIC...

(*Continued*)

Yukon posed with his faithful boxer dog who travels with him to every match. He is here seen wearing the special deer skin jacket, his parents made for him. It took seven buck skins to cover his huge frame.

A "muscle" shot showing the gigantic spread of his massive shoulders and the herculean 60 inch chest of his, the source of his titanic power. His chest is the largest of any wrestler around. It's impossible to wrap your arms around him for any body contact hold.

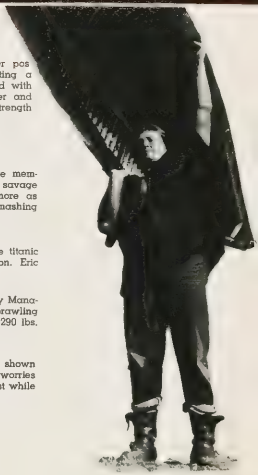
1

2

3

4

Eric lives outdoors whenever possible, and is here seen lifting a heavy freight canoe overhead with ease. He is an expert hunter and "voyageur," and built his strength battling the elements.



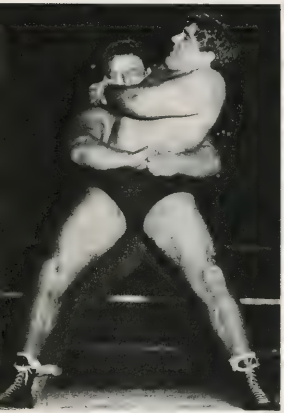
1 He arouses the long submerged primitive memories and quickens the blood with his savage attacks in the ring. Fans clamor for more as Yukon makes way from the ring after smashing aside his opponent.

2 Bobby Managoff writhes helplessly in the titanic grip of this man from the frozen Yukon. Eric holds his opponent with ease.

3 Stretched flat on his back, the great Bobby Managoff is counted out as Yukon wins this brawling match. It's next to impossible to toss this 290 lbs. giant around.

4 Nothing bothers this giant as he is here shown taking a nap before his match. Eric never worries about anyone and gathers energy from rest while awaiting his next to wrestle.

His bare feet grip the mat like suction pads, making it impossible to tear him off for a throw. Here Managoff tries helplessly for a fall without success.



When not wrestling this mighty Nimrod—Eric can be found outdoors hunting for his supper on some Canadian lake. He can't adjust himself to civilized ways, and yet he is tender and kind.

With his enormous strength, the bear hug should be his favorite hold. He renders his opponents helpless with his titanic crushing force. Camera says of this, "Never had I witnessed such devastating power in a man."

strengths as their bodies blend with the relentless tread of this youthful Colossus upon the mat.

In the embattled hour, free of the spectacular theatricals that commonly characterize wrestling, the ponderous Yukon strips the fans of the veneer of a thousand civilizations, down to the raw bone of the pre-historic with his icy passion for conquest.

Like a saga out of paleolithic times this primitive token of the Yukon, stalks out from the depths of the Arctic lumber belt, a reincarnation of the atavistic, to manifest and overwhelm with his stupendous strength the physical monarchs of civilization, with the relentless approach of a steam roller.

The fans leave licking their lips like wolves after the kill, returning to pack the arena beyond its capacity to hold, wherever Yukon Eric is billed for the main bout.

Standing 6 ft. 1 inch in his bare feet, his 290 lbs. of untamed bone and muscle is massed together like the pilings from a crude antiquated mold, with no regard to shape. The thick, dense slabs of muscle crowd each other, tautly stretching the skin, blotting out any sign of separation. His tremendous 60" chest juts out like the blunt prow of a galleon. On the mat it is a super shock absorber, against which charging opponents collide, reel and crumble with the shuddering impact of an auto that has crashed against an immovable wall. A human obelisk, cradled and reared within the frozen wastes, and the conclaves of brooding Alaskan forests, where only the super-fit survive. The weaklings cast aside with animal indifference.

The scientific 240 lb. Managoff is handled like a baby as Eric smashes him to the canvas with a wallop from his mighty fist.

Twenty-seven years ago, Yukon Eric, was born in Fairbanks, Alaska, of Swedish parents, rooted in primitive nature. At an early age he learned to use the bow and arrow with the skill of an Indian. And cast the spear at darting fish. With these primitive weapons he roamed the forests and rivers, bringing down wild geese, wolf and bear alike with his unerring aim. A true Nimrod, he learned to mimic the calls of birds and beast, to lure them into his traps. While but a youth he fearlessly hunted the savage timber wolf, and the grizzly in their native haunts. Across Arctic snows he tracked the caribou, the elk and moose. Wherever night overtook him there he slept with only the

(*Continued on page* 36)

can a BOXER beat a WRESTLER?

by Ben Weider

The age-old controversy of mixed matches is herein discussed, relating some of these famous bouts and giving us concrete evidence in deciding this age-old argument.

MIXED matches between boxers and wrestlers are among things of the past, and today would be frowned on, yet there was a time when leading exponents of both arts were matched in real honest-to-goodness "shooting matches" with huge side bets wagered on the outcome. In the old bare knuckle days, when a fighter was allowed to cross buttock his adversary, or seize his head under an arm and punch away at it, it was common for a man to win an actual boxing contest by his skill in grappling—however, we think it safe to say that the definite superiority of one over the other has never been proven in a satisfactory manner. It is an entertaining subject for discussion, a subject argued about across tables with words and phrases and discussed physically with fists and cruel punishment in the roped arena.

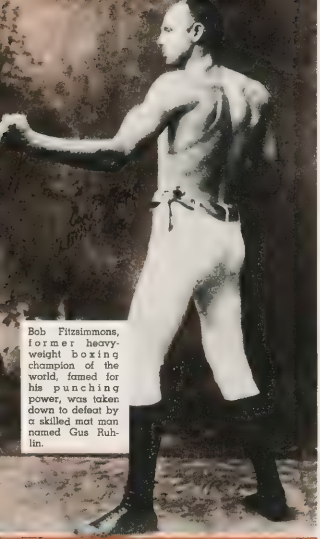
The number of famous boxers who have actually engaged in both sports would amaze you. The original Jack Dempsey, the "Nonpareil" as he was known, was quite proficient at wrestling, almost as much at home in grapplers' tights as he was with boxing gloves over his fists. Jack gained considerable fame on the mat, then turned to boxing and even greater glory. Winning the world's middleweight championship, Dempsey eventually died penniless in the Oregon wilds.

The late Bull Montana and Jack Dempsey are here seen entertaining sports fans with a wrestling exhibition. It is alleged that Jack was pinned by Bull Montana in a mixed bout.

Paul Berlanbach was the only man to win both the world's championship at wrestling and then at boxing. Taking the lightheavy Olympic Crown at Antwerp in 1924, and making little money after becoming a professional, Paul turned to boxing, and with the aid of a truly terrific wallop, zoomed to the heights of a world title. Slipping fast after losing the crown, he again took to wrestling. Not so long ago, Paul wrote to the editor of the New York Daily News saying that in his mind, there was no doubt as to who would beat whom—the wrestler, said Paul, would win!

Frank Gotch worked in reverse. Failing at boxing, he took to grappling and went on to win undying fame as the twice conqueror, of George Hackenschmidt, the Russian Lion. Frank had taken boxing lessons from Kid McCoy and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, two of the cleverest men to don gloves. Showing an absolute lack of ring "know how" in his first bout, Frank quit then and there—Wise man.

One of the most advertised "boxer versus wrestler" bouts was between Young Mitchel, undefeated middleweight champion, and Joe Acton. Joe, altho one of the world's greatest mat men at that time, proved to be a novice in the hands of Mitchel. As the bell rang, Mitchel feinted Acton into position and as the wrestler lunged at his feet, belted him with a terrific



Bob Fitzsimmons, former heavyweight boxing champion of the world, famed for his punching power, was taken down to defeat by a skilled mat man named Gus Ruhlin.

Paul Berlenbach, one of the greatest ringmen of all times seen taking a workout. He was the only man to win the light-heavyweight wrestling and boxing titles. A former amateur world champion wrestler, Berlenbach opines that a wrestler can always beat a boxer.

can a WRESTLER beat a BOXER?

George Babich, one of the younger generation of wrestlers has taken on a number of boxers of recent years and had no difficulty in slamming them around.

right to the jaw. Acton was "out" for several minutes.

Two of the ring's giants, Tom Jenkins and Tom Sharkey once met in private for the benefit of a few sporting friends. Jenkins was conceded to be the strongest and most scientific mat man of the day, American champ, while Sharkey, a wonderful heavyweight fighter had almost fought his way to the world's championship. Jenkins rushed at Sharkey with outstretched arms in an endeavor to "bear hug," but Sharkey anticipated an attempt at a swift ending and replied with a few wild blows knocking Jenkins cold.

Another outstanding battle was between Evan Lewis, the orginal Strangler, and little George Dixon, world featherweight champion. Lewis, a heavyweight, was possessed of great strength, while Dixon scaled a mere 122 lbs. and was, it appeared, no match for his opponent. During arrangements, Lewis expressed a fear of injuring the little boxer, and so both men agreed to meet in private. During the match, Lewis tried repeatedly to get a hold on his adversary, but whenever he came in range, the little Negro featherweight shot out a right or left to the Strangler's jaw. Finally, when Dixon had Lewis at his mercy, and it looked as if he would knock out the wrestler cold, the match was stopped.

In tests, conducted in private at Los Angeles in the year 1922, Taro Miyake, the famed "black belt" champion of ju-jitsu, beat many boxers, taking his men so quickly that the fighters had hardly time to put their hands up. The popular conception of a wrestler is one of a huge, big bellied, overfed, slow thinking individual, but this is far from being the case. A grappler is called upon in his game to be as agile, precise and quick thinking as any prize fighter. Taro Miyake, with his rapidity of reflex, easily disproved the public's opinion as to what a mat man was.

(*Continued on page* 39)

IT'S GREAT TO HAVE POWER

EVERYONE NEEDS STRONG ARMS....

A superb strength study of the author—Clancy Ross. Famous as a health educator, his advice to all is—"Exercise." "Weight training," says Clancy, "Is tops for strength and development."

By Clarence Ross . . . Mr. America . . . Mr. U.S.A.

World Famous Physique Star and Strength Performer.

I SAT tense . . . on the edge of my seat, that night not so long ago, when at the Madison Square Garden, in New York City . . . two of the mightiest . . . most powerful mat men, pitted their strength and talents against one another in a majestic display of physical brawn and wrestling cunning.

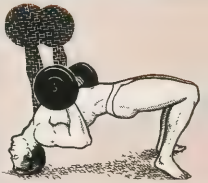
Sweat poured from their bodies as powerful muscles obeyed the will of these two great stars. Strands of muscle swelled and bulged with the strenuous exertion . . . legs, back, chest shoulders and arms strained first crimson red and then chalk white as holds were clamped on, pressure applied and superhuman effort breaking locks and painful holds.

Back and forth the battle waged . . . first one man seemed to have the edge then the other the upper hand. Now a powerful head lock was clamped on . . . and the huge arm muscles of the aggressor stood out as though molded of steel. An effective counter and the man who had the upper hand a moment before found himself in the punishing grip of a half nelson . . . applied with such lightning speed that many spectators hardly knew what had taken place. Once again the aggressor put on the pressure, and once again super-developed arms sparked the attack and powerful strands of arm muscle stood out in impressive contour.

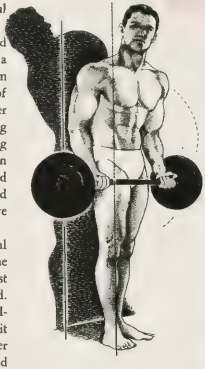
Again the action grows lightning fast . . . powerful body slams, grueling toe holds, body arched firmly in the wrestlers' bridge . . . and through it all one of the grandest displays of powerful arm strength I have ever witnessed. For a full half hour the action in the arena kept me spellbound . . . and then, as dramatic as it had begun . . . it was all over . . . neither man overpowered by the other . . . each still unbowed in defeat . . . Gene Stanlee and Antonino Rocca . . . shook hands and left the ring . . . the match ending in a draw . . . one of the most sensational and talked of matches of the year.

As I mentally relived all the dynamic highlights of this great exhibition of power and skill, I was more and more impressed with the versatile use of the arms in wrestling.

(*Continued on page* 42)



Here's an excellent movement for developing a powerful neck and arms — musts for all wrestlers.



Building strong massive upper arms with weights is the universal training method of all top flight mat men. Gene Stanlee himself is a weight trained wrestler.

Moulding a powerful forearm and grip gives the mat man the power to hold his opponents down for the pin. See text for details.

June Byers is one of the loveliest lady wrestlers, and called the beauty of the mat by her host of followers. Her smile and charm are contagious, fitting for a movie queen. She is a leading contender for Mildred Burke's title, which she hopes some day to win and then become a wrestling promoter.

JUNE BYERS

lady wrestler with ambition.

by Barton Horvath

While June Byers is beautiful and shapely, she also possesses a powerful and strength-packed figure which enables her to flatten out her opponents in short time. In action she is as powerful as a steamroller.

In the rough, tough mauling game of girl grappling, one of the toughest and fightingest girls is June Byers of Houston, Texas. Auburn haired with a cream and peaches skin, she is a picture of grace and skill in the ring as she throws her weight around in her efforts to put her opponent to sleep. Tiger like, and sleek as the great jungle cats, June, twenty-four years of age, is recognized as the most versatile and accomplished of the lady wrestlers — next to Champ Mildred Burke. Standing 5 feet 7 inches in height and scaling 150 of steellike muscle, she is as agile as an acrobat and dangerous as a buzz saw.

June has always been sports minded and right from the start had to battle her way around. One of a large family—there's fourteen members in it, she boxed and wrestled with all of them, and with that kind of competition June got to know the fight game pretty well. Her uncle is the famous "Ottawa" Roberts, one of the world's great light-heavy grapplers. It was he who taught her the finer points of the game. Tricky, and fast, as sheet lightning, he taught the young June more holds and counters than most male wrestlers ever came in contact with. At first, it was just another form of childhood fun, a means to defend herself against the horseplay of other kids, then a form of self-defense and finally, in her home town of Houston, a wrestling hotbed, she was dared by Carl Davis to take a shot at wrestling professionally. By the time she had officially forsaken the amateur ranks, she had been well versed in the mat art by her uncle, Davis and Bobby Managoff.

June is the one grappling girl who is a firm believer in the old adage that you've got to be good in your line to reach the top—whether in business or sports, and lady wrestling is a combination of both—you've got to know your subject thoroughly and better than the next man. June learned the hard way! Her earnings were small at first, but today she ranks among the top ten in her field with her annual earnings better than $15,000. An intelligent, ambitious woman, June has other creative outlets. An expert seamstress, she designs and makes all the clothes and robes she wears in the ring. The attractive Texan Toughie has costumes, none of which cost under $200.

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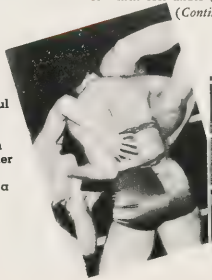
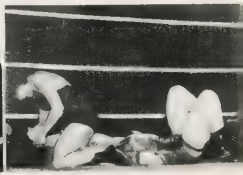


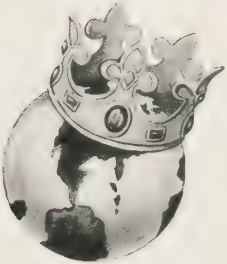


In these 10 photographs you see June Byers battling the rugged Violet Viann. It quickens the blood and stirs up our emotions as we see June go through her wrestling matches with the ruggedness and ruthlessness of a killer. She is cruel and tough in the ring, and on the outside the real lady, kind, modest, understanding and extremely cooperative.

Hackenschmidt

VERSUS

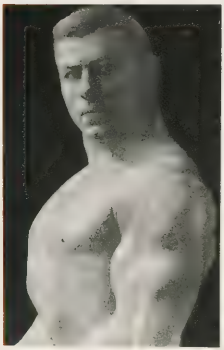
Gotch



by Charles A. Smith

"The full behind-the-scenes story of the Frank Gotch-George Hackenschmidt bout has never been revealed. Here, for the first time in any magazine is the complete account of history's greatest wrestling match."

At the extreme right, a "young" study of the great George Hackenschmidt. Taken at the beginning of his career, it shows all the promise he later fulfilled. His tremendous power is evident.



America's greatest wrestler — Frank Gotch at the peak of his career. His methods were direct, rough and brutal. Capable of taking a terrific amount of punishment, he could dish it out as well.

THIS is the story of the greatest wrestling match in the annals of the sport. It is a tale of two men—one a rough, rugged, hard grappling machine, and the other, a man of giant strength and a physical development noted for its beauty. It is the saga of an athlete who did not scorn to use "border line" tactics to win, who cuffed and slapped, bored in with his head and made full use of all the torturing holds—as Frank Gotch was indeed entitled to do. It is the story of a man who should have won and who could have gained the victory but for one thing—that very high degree of brain power for which he was renowned. As with all men of great intellect, George Hackenschmidt was the victim of a colorful imagination and sensitivity—His was the mind of the artist, the creator, and his the type of temperament easily bruised, easily thrown on the defensive by unsporting maneuvers, where a man of lesser intellect would have shrugged it off and smashed in to dish out as good as he received.

Why did Hackenschmidt accept this match with Gotch? There is not the slightest doubt that George thought he had an easy task, and when we examine the entire affair, the events which lead up to the match, the bout itself and method Frank knew was this free "catch as catch can style," the toe holds, the hammer locks with bars, the full nelsons, the dangerous strangle holds and the internally punishing body scissors, the butting and gouging, slapping and elbow punching were all the tools of his trade, used with a cold deadly violence and with no regard for finer feelings—Hero of a score of bar room brawls in the raw, rough Yukon territory, Frank was a great defensive-offensive grappler.

Hackenschmidt was the classic Graeco-Roman stylist, and had gained his fame and fortune in these bouts. His exceptional speed coupled with the rapidity with which he picked up the basics of catch as catch can wrestling were assets, but his one great liability was that he had to be taught the new style in a country where fair play in the ring was demanded and rough-house methods considered illegal. If Hack had possessed the knowledge of brutal tactics of Frank Gotch, then there is not the slightest doubt that Gotch would have been pinned but quick. But Hack had no need to learn these methods for he would not have been allowed to use them; in England, at that time, all bone

George Hackenschmidt moves in for the attack. Throughout the fight, the American kept the Champ at a disadvantage—holding him off and forcing him to make the first move.

Gotch tries for a toe hold and needles the Russian Lion. His policy of sneers and jeers combined with rough wrestling paid off. One can even sense the anxiety of the Russian in this superb "shot."

Tom Jenkins, former American champion who gave Frank Gotch many tough bouts. Jenkins was easily beaten by Hackenschmidt who severely punished him.

The rivals shake hands before the bout. That Hackenschmidt is worried and Gotch confident can be plainly seen. Referee Ed Smith is the "middle man."

the aftermath, then we can see that Hackenschmidt had sadly underestimated his "opponent to be." The injuries which Hack had suffered before his two bouts with Madrali —his wrenched knee—the punishment he absorbed during his battles with the Giant Turk, had been pushed to the back of his mind, only to be brought out when he was face to face with Gotch in the ring, looked into the cold, calculating "killer's" eyes, and the cynical, contemptuous smile of the man who never once let that look of sneering insolence leave his countenance during the entire bout. For the Russian Lion, it was an experience the like of which he had never before encountered. When we look at the record of Frank Gotch we search in vain for the names of the great wrestlers beaten by Hack. We see that Frank had been pinned by Frank Beell, a man weighing 169 lbs. to Gotch's 202. We observe that the men who had taken Gotch down to a pin, the men who had beaten him, had in turn been quite easily beaten by George Hackenschmidt. And we also see why it was that the Russian Lion so eagerly grabbed at the offer of the Minneapolis promoter William Wittig, to wrestle Gotch for the world's championship.

When we examine their careers, we find Gotch schooled in the brawling brutal free style of grappling. The only breaking and torturing holds were barred.

Hack came to America with the easy assurance of a man who has nothing to worry about. He was to be paid $10,000.00 for his match with Gotch—win, lose, or draw, and he took on several lesser lights as a "tune up" before engaging in serious training for the title match. His knee injury—synovitis—was bothering him a great deal, yet despite this, he foolishly went ahead with matches. It had been agreed, unknown to Hack, that he was to train at the Chicago Athletic Club. Naturally the Russian Lion thought that the same conditions applied as to all his other training periods—in private—when he eventually learned of this, yet to his dismay, he found he would have to workout before a gathering of hawk-eyed newspapermen and highly critical wrestling fans and he strongly objected! He knew that his knee injury would immediately be noticed and he didn't want it to be drawn to Gotch's attention. The club insisted on public training but Hack stood firm for private workouts, and Hack was barred from the club! From that

time until the very moment of entering the ring, Hackenschmidt did no work-outs other than take long walks and light exercise in the hotel. To further add to his uneasy state of mind, he learned that Jack Carkeek, a British wrestler, one with whom he had previously been on friendly terms, and who had trained him for years, had entered the camp of Frank Gotch and was acting as one of *his* trainer's and second's.

The match took place at the Dexter Park Pavilion before a crowd of ten thousand who had paid close to $60,000.00, the largest gate for a wrestling match up to that time. It was a bout that has remained unequalled for thrills, in Chicago to this very day, a match in which Hackenschmidt entered the ring the conquering hero, at 5 to 2 favorite, and left the ring with most of those witnessing the affair openly charging that he was a - - - quitter! For more than two hours, Gotch and Hack pulled and mauled at each other with frequent protests from the Russian. For more than two hours. Gotch bullied and bored his way into Hack. sneered and jeered at him, needled him and constantly kept him on edge, keeping him at arms length, forcing the pace and holding Hack on the defensive. It was a bout which ended with Hack bloodied, bruised and thoroughly beaten, leaving him so exhausted that he could scarcely breathe or swallow. And it was a match which created an international storm, doing little to improve sporting relations between two great countries, yet one which has taken its place in American History as the most important and talked about in its field. It was a smiling and seemingly confident Hack who entered the ring at 10:14, yet despite the smile, there was a worried creasing of the forehead which deepened as he heard the roar of applause greeting Frank Gotch. The challenger had a towel knotted around his head and a long heavy overcoat around his shoulders and body. The entire audience rose to its feet to cheer the Iowa Farmer's Boy. Both men were called to the center of the ring by the referee, Ed Smith, a well known Chicago sports writer. Receiving their instructions, they shook hands—Gotch was seen to grin broadly and jeeringly right into Hackenschmidt's face and the Battle of the Century was on - - -

Both men crouched and went into a clinch with Gotch breaking it and circling around Hack for close to three minutes. Hack was pale and appeared worried, but had command of the situation. Again they commenced tugging and pulling around and after ten minutes Gotch started his "roughing up" campaign and kidding his opponent. Rushing in, Gotch would take a hold around the shoulders of the Russian, pressing his hard boney forehead into Hack's face—onto his jaw and cheekbone, into his eyes and his brows. All the time he kept up a flow of talk, of sarcastic wit and abuse, needling and kidding and slowly the Russian Lion lost his patience and his temper. Rushing at Gotch, he tried for a body hold, but the sneering dancing figure in front, with full command of himself, easily eluded the infuriated Hackenschmidt. Again and again did Hack turn to the referee, complaining of butting, and punching and other foul tactics, the official motioning him to get on with the bout.

With fifty minutes of the match already over, Gotch was suddenly taken down to the mat by Hack as the crowd rose howling to its feet. Anticipating an end to the bout. They subsided as Gotch bounced up onto his feet again and commenced anew his butting and boring in. By this time the Russian was raging, completely out of control of himself and rapidly running out of his nervous energy. The smirking Gotch, with that sneering smile always on his face, came in again head first and the Champion broke away with blood streaming from a deep cut under his left eye, to protest to the referee of more butting and elbow smashes. The crowd at this stage was in an uproar. Sensing a swift end to the match, they protested with all the power of their lungs at the slow pace, the tugging and heaving. They demanded action. One hour after the start, both men were full of fight. Gotch took the offensive whipping in savagely for body and leg holds with the Russian straining every fiber to keep him off, returning to an attack with fury and determination—an outburst of energy which accomplished nothing as the superb defense of Gotch and his leering, sneering smile had the Champion mad with temper. "Come in and wrestle" needled Gotch as Hackenschmidt stood and glared at him.

With a sudden flurry of arms and legs, both men went down to the mat. Gotch was on top and had clamped on his famous Toe Hold—onto Hack's injured leg. Before he could turn on the pressure, his victim was up and away and protesting to the referee again. Accusing Gotch of eye gouging, he also asked the referee to compel Gotch to take a shower without further delay, in order to rid his body of an abundance of oil. To show his sportsmanship, Hack offered to take a shower also, but the referee refused to recognize his complaint remarking that he should have thought of the oil and the shower before the bout started.

As Hack came in to begin wrestling again, Gotch sidestepped, roughed him up with his knuckles, butted him under the chin and again roused him to a state of fury. From a sudden clinch, Gotch fastened on a standing nelson, seized a crotch and slammed Hack to the mat again coming within a hairs breadth of gaining his deadly toe hold. Losing the chance, he picked up the powerful Russian bodily and slammed him with sickening force to the canvas again and again. It was this savage treatment whicch broke the Champion's will to continue the fight. The hoots of the crowd were loud in his ears, the sneering, insulting remarks of Gotch came without ceasing; his protests —rightful protests—to the referee went unheeded so he simply got up off the mat and walked out of the ring. The end came so swiftly—so unexpectedly, that few in that vast throng realised what had happened until the referee announced the winner by raising Gotch's arm. Crowds swarmed around Gotch, slapping his back, cheering him, congratulating him, raising him shoulder high, while the forgotten ex-champion made his way back to the dressing room where he sat in deep despair and in tears. Why did George Hackenschmidt walk out of the ring? Why didn't he merely concede the first fall and continue wrestling? — Here are The Russian Lion's own words!

"When I saw myself weakening, due to my knee injury, I decided there was no use going on further. Gotch is a great wrestler —but he uses unfair tactics." The Russian's accusations of foul wrestling were more than justified from his appearance and condition after the match. The entire left side of his head was swollen grotesquely. His left eye was inflamed and both his eyelids puffed up and deeply scratched, due, said the Russian to Gotch's gouging. His bitterness at the treatment he received was evident in further interviews granted to the press representatives—Said George: "I found the man so oily that it was impossible for me to get a hold on him. I protested to the referee but he simply signalled for me to continue." - - - "Constantly Gotch's thumbs and fingers were near my eyes and constantly when our heads were together, he rubbed his against mine with the result that a chemical which had been rubbed in his hair got into my eyes causing me great pain and blinding me." — "As the match went on Gotch's tactics got worse and he actually did gouge me, pulled my hair and took every oppotunity to rub his head against my forehead and eyes. Not a single word of rebuke or caution came from the man who was in the ring, presumably in the interests of fair play and to guard American sportsmanship, the referee Ed Smith."

American newspapers were not entirely in support of Gotch. Many openly declared that Hack had received a raw deal. Bill Kirk of the Hearst Press said: "It is to be deplored that Hackenschmidt received such a deal in this country — Gotch's body was oiled, a direct infraction of the rules. Of course Gotch is now entitled to the world championship crown formerly worn by the Russian Lion. He earned it by gouging his thumbs into Hack's eyes, butting the Russian's mouth with a thick skull and punching his nose with his fists — causing the Russian great mental anguish and strain. He was merciless and should have been compelled by the Referee either to play fair, according to the rules of the game, or should have been disqualified."

Ed Smith, the official in charge of the

bout, didn't agree with those who supported Hack. In his statement to the public he said: "There is but one way to look at this match and that is to say that Gotch made Hack quit by bulling into him and showing him that he knew more about the game—that he was a far more game man in every respect. That's where Gotch's superiority lies—the gruelling that Hackenschmidt received from Gotch, something entirely unexpected, was too much for him. The Powerful Lion complained bitterly that Gotch was jabbing his thumb into his eyes and he complained of many other things, but I do not consider that Gotch's transgressions were worthy of more than a caution."

There is not the slightest doubt that Frank Gotch was a really great wrestler. Whether he was better than Hackenschmidt will be debated as long as men interested in the Mat Art have breath left to argue with. That he did indulge in foul play is admitted by the referee himself. One cannot but agree that either a man disobeys the rules or he doesn't. If he disobeys, then he merits disqualification. There is absolutely no argument about this and definitely no excuse for wrestling dirty when your adversary wants to "keep it clean." Gotch versus Hack is now history. Personally I have always been of the opinion that Gotch had the Russian's measure. This he proved in his second bout with George Hackenschmidt. But whether he could have beaten a well conditioned Hack, a Hack free from physical injury and mental stress—The Hack who beat Madrali the terrible Turk, is entirely another matter. This is mere speculation, substance of dreams, yet withal a fascinating subject to discuss—and still to dream about. As long as men revel in violent bodily contact, so will the battle between Frank Gotch and George Hackenschmidt grip the imagination and hold enthralled those who bend their ears to the story.

Yukon Eric

(Continued from page 25)

sky for his blanket. In sub-zero weather he burrowed in the deep snow, and with his dogs nestling against him, made his bed. Rain or shine, summer and winter he spent most of his life, wearing the scantiest of clothing, in the great outdoors. He bathed in streams, and when the winter's ice formed over its thick crust, he chopped a hole through vith his axe. His body, tanned and toughened with Alaskan sun and Arctic blizzards, is impervious to the icy waters. Nurtured by the bitter Yukon elements his body matured magnificently in his teens. At the age of sixteen he was an expert axeman, and his strength was outstanding even among men noted for their extraordinary physical prowess. Among them he learned to wrestle in the free for all, rough house style of the lumber camps, where quarter is never asked or given, even among the best of friends. They wrestled vi iously, as though each life was at stake, developing the amazing ability to absorb the most brutal manhandling with Indian stoicism.

Under such merciless batterings young Eric learned that victory went to the strongest man with the stoutest heart.

On several occasions, barn storming wrestlers travelled the lumber camps, bent on cleaning up easy money. But the lumberjacks were too smart for them. Before they introduced young Eric, now champion of the lumberlost, they made their bets with the unsuspecting invaders. When the hour came for the bout their mouths gaped in shocked amaze at the massive giant who confronted them. Like puppets, Eric tossed them all over the mat to finally submerge them under his massive, sprawling brawn, flat on their backs.

Generous, kindly and good natured as Eric normally is, yet dormant within him lies the berserk seed of his Viking ancestors, which only explodes under deep provocation. This happened on one occasion when he and some lumberjack friends walked into a Klondike saloon. The place was crowded with roystering miners hell-bent for devilment, among them one gigantic form was holding boastful sway. On sighting Eric, he hurled reviling taunts at the "fat" boy. And gales of spiteful laughter rocked the air when Eric ordered goat's milk, instead of whiskey. Taunts turned to blows as the giant miner braggartly threatened to whittle Eric down to man size. Others aided, jostling with drunken bravado. Then they rushed up on him. Under the suddenness of the attack, Eric turned, with his back to the bar. His eyes flashed fire as his huge form seemed to swell to twice its size as the terrible berserk rage surged through him. A savage roar tore from his lips as he charged like a maddened bull moose. He tore his chief tormentor off his feet as easily as you would pull a blade of grass, hurling him bodily through the window, into the mud and mire of the unpaved road. Before the others could recover from the shock of this amazing astral flight, Eric struck among them with the deadliness of the reapers scythe. Screams, and hoarse cries tore through the reeking air as bones cracked noisily, and blood spurted under the savage assault of his flailing fists.

For five minutes pandemonium raged as the frightened miners stampeded under the crash of hoisted bodies hurled upon them, spilling ingloriously through doors and windows. Blinded with righteous anger, Eric continued to slash and strike until he became aware there was no one left to hit. He was alone, except for the still, sprawled, battered forms that mottled the floor. The saloon was a shambles. Not a mirror or window was left unbroken. The bar sagged weakly on its side. Tables and broken chairs were scattered in all directions. Broken whiskey bottles gurgled lazily as they continued to spill their remaining contents over the sawdust. Gamblers gold and cards lay strewn in abandon over the floor, bearing the smear of blood, and impress of heel prints of the wildly scattered mob.

Not one returned to face the breathless, near-naked victor, whose face did not bear a mark.

They speak of that titanic, one sided battle to this very day.

Old timers, remembering the early, bloodcurdling gold rush days, said that the Klondike had never before witnessed such a complete house cleaning. It was an epic in physical chastisement.

Time passed on, then, four years ago, an American sportsman traveling through Alaska, witnessed Eric in a wrestling melee. Impressed with Eric's amazing stature, and the astounding nonchalance with which he tossed aside huge stones, and shouldered logs the like of which the strongest lumberjacks in the Yukon could not budge, he urged Eric to go East, and seek fame and fortune on the professional wrestling mat in Canada and America. The idea appealed strongly to him, and to this star he hitched his wagon. Hatless, wearing old run-over lumberjack boots, threadbare dungarees, and a rough mackinaw shirt, held together by one button over his tanned, naked chest, he arrived in the city of Toronto, on a bitter cold day in mid-winter.

Promotors saw in him a wrestling nugget of gold. His giant near-nakedness fascinated them. Oblivious to the zero weather, he stood before them, hatless, coatless, with shirt sleeves slashed off above the elbow, and the remaining part torn to the shoulder to make room for his enormous 19½" biceps. Above, and below the one button on his shirt, his chest and abdomen were naked to the freezing winds. In his quiet, direct voice, he told them firmly he wanted to meet only the best, and none others. Amazing as it may seem, that is the chance he got. I doubt if, in the history of wrestling, there ever was a new comer to the game, except Yukon Eric, who began his mat career by meeting the champs at the start

Such was the profound impression this Goliath of the Klondike made on the top notch promotors that freezing morning, four years ago.

To Frank Tunney, Ed Quinn, top flight Canadian promotors, and Ed Don George, ace American promotor and old time grappling star, Yukon Eric owes his success on the mat. He knows it, and respects them deeply. On the other hand, these three shrewd promotors never regret taking the boy from the Yukon under their managerial wing. Under their promotion and direction, he has engaged in over 400 contests, winning 95%. In the current year, he has not lost a single bout. Among them, he has more than held his own with such high ranking mat champions as Whipper Watson, Yvon Robert, Mouquin, Hi Lee, Aitkins, Wagner, Managoff,

Miquet, Carnera, Geogheon, and the terrific Lou Thesz.

From his first appearance in the ring he has been a popular sensation with the mat fans. And his stolid, stalking mat strategy a source of continued bewilderment to his orthodox grapplers. All the clever feinting, and mat trickery of such brilliant mat experts as Robert, Managoff, Wagner and Lou Thesz, failed to draw him away from his natural strategy. While the gigantic strength of Carnera, Mouqin, Aitkins and Geogheon was wasted in collision with the Yukon phenomenon.

There is something magnificent in the cold, primitive manner in which he stalks his opponents all over the mat. Never flustered Never excited. His bare feet grasp the mat like suction pads, off which his most powerful foe finds it impossible to tear him. Even the matchless strength of the huge Hi Lee, the gigantic Carnera, and the amazing Australian Goliath, Aitkins, who towered nearly a foot over Eric, found it impossible to uproot his feet off the mat. His pylon legs, measuring over 30" around the thighs, are like oak locked with the ground. This strange, obdurate stance calls to mind the legendary wrestling hero, Anteus, son of the earth god, who remained invincible as long as his feet were held firm with the earth.

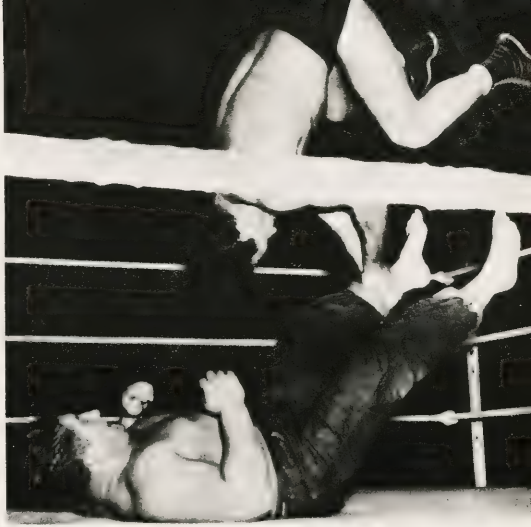
Flying tackles, smashing chest foot slams, dives, and head rams fail to budge him off his feet. Unable to be tossed overboard, he is immune to Flying Mares, the devastating Airplane Spin, Body Slams, and the Pile Driver. And the muscle massed girth of his barrel chest, and huge sprawling shoulders neutralize the efforts of the longest arms to enfold him in a Bear Hug. Even the gorilla arms of Primo Carnera found it impossible to span him. Truly, he is a physical enigma to grasp. To attempt to apply the Scissor hold on his granite blocked body is a waste of time.

Baffled and bewildered to the point of exasperation, his opponents try every trick, and tactic to break down his iron immobility.

Realizing his lack of science, and mat strategy, he depends solely on his wolfish stalk and mammoth might to wear his antagonist down before he moves in for the kill. They crash against his body with shocking force, which he absorbs like the bumper on a Mack truck. Absolutely indifferent to punishment, he cannot be hurt, while science expends its energy on this primitive obelisk of a man like water spilt over a craggy rock.

His face never betrays expression. His flashing eyes being the only animation of intent. These, set in a motionless head, are kin to the wolf who never betrays its purpose, or is swerved by hunter trickery from a spoor by a move of its head. Only its eyes alert, seeing every move.

Even the brilliant, powerful, tigerish Lou Thesz, with whom Yukon Eric fought twice for the world's championship, exhausted his wrestling repertoire to save himself from defeat. Time after time, he crashed against Eric's impassive body with dynamic force, only to bounce off futilely like a rubber ball. His fateful armlocks were brushed aside with bearish ease. Tear the Alaskan off his feet he could not. Muscle weary, and gasping with fatigue, the best the veteran Thesz could do, each time, was to secure a draw.



The raw primitive brutal power of the Man from the Frozen North, is exhibited here with all the punch of a cannon. In an amazing exhibition of crude strength, he tosses Fred Atkins with one foot.

On the mat, the Viking Yukon presents a dramatic figure. Barefooted, he wears an old pair of dungarees in place of wrestling shorts. His body tanned to the color of leather scorched with fire. In contrast, his blondish hair, fair complexion, sparkling blue eyes, and saber white teeth add color to his massive physical scenery. Drama is intensified when he begins to move in against his wearied opponent, then, he resembles a Nemesis of irrepressible force. He crowds his foe before him like an uprooting bulldozer, colliding against them with the mauling impact of the bear. His ponderous arms flail like an elephant's trunk, flicking opposing defense aside like a wind tossed straw. Desperately, in their last defense, they resort to every brutal device. But it is useless. They sense the kill. Obdurately, he stalks them to their doom with a silent savagery. Fans rise from their seats like mesmerized puppets, fascinated with primitive movement, bursting with uncontrollable excitement.

Within the massive fold of his pythonic arms he crushes flesh and bone with serpentine persistence. One remembers tatinic Hi Lee, caught in this python fold, gasping with tortured breath that rattled through his lips like the rasp of a bronchial bullfrog, to collapse an inert mass at the Yukon's feet.

He does not fall his opponents to the mat in the general sense. He crashes them with a shuddering smash that makes stalwart giants quiver from head to heels. He skates them across the mat with such force their back is scarred with mat burns. But never does his skin show a mat burn. His hide, case hardened steel by sun, snow and blizzard, is invulnerable to mat burns or rope whipping. Where injury is concerned, he is primitive to point of physical insensibility.

If he has a physical peculiarity, it is in his hands, attached to 8¾" wrists, which are so small, a woman's glove can encase them. But their clutch is as those of steel pincers—viselike.

With his enormous strength, it seems only natural that the Bear Hug should be his favorite hold. This, he says, he is anxious to demonstrate on Argentina Rocca, Frank Sexton, Gene Stanlee, and once again on champion Lou Thesz. The only reason he has not come in combat with these great stars in America, is because his popularity has concentrated his engagements mainly in Canada, and the American border cities. But he is

keen to be at them, and especially eager to meet in contest, Killer Kowalski, whom the Big Boys are evading. What a battle of the primitives that will be. Two of a kind. Killer Kowalski is only 23, stands 6 ft. 7, and strips at 300 lbs., proportioned as gracefully as a gigantic panther, with a killers instinct. This does not daunt Yukon Eric, it merely fans the fire to his desire.

On the other side of the picture, Yukon Eric off the mat life is equally interesting. He cannot get accustomed to urban civilization. He still wears no other garb than what he first appeared in when he left Fairbanks, Alaska, four years ago. To some, his semi-nakedness is a disturbing sight on the street. He sleeps outdoors whenever he can, on the grass, or on the bare ground, usually for a period of nine hours. He drives around in a convertible, always with the top down. With his intimate pal, his dog "Tex", they completely fill the front seat. He does not drink or smoke. His chief beverage is goat's milk. Unmarried, he has no steady girl friend, and when he picks one, it is a safe bet he will select one of the hardy Alaskan brood. Quiet, like all forest bred, he is soft spoken, and meager with speech. He is unusually respectful of others, particularly his elders. And of his mat opponents, he speaks only the best. Asked which was his toughest match, he answered, "They were all tough."

Last year his mat earnings ran around $65,000, but unlike most young fellows who come into big money fast, there is a thrifty smartness in him, that already has him planning for his future security when his mat days are over. He misses his homeland. That's where his heart is, hunting, trapping and fishing. He longs to be back with his folk. He is one of a family of four, and recently he returned from a hurried flight to visit his parents, and his brothers and sisters. While there, his father made him a gift of a deerskin windbreaker he had tanned and made. And believe it or not, it took seven deer skins to make that windbreaker to fit him.

I met him in Montreal, on his return from the Yukon, and during our conversation I asked him whom he considered to be the greatest wrestler today. He did not reply, but flashed me a white toothed smile, while his eyes took on a wise look. As though to supplement the thought, he told me he was training hard, not only on the mat, but had become acquainted with the importance of using weights to make the body stronger, durable and more efficient. He took to weights like a duck takes to water. On his first attempt, he lifted 350 lbs. to arms length easily., on the feat lifters call the Prone Press. He trains avidly with them as a natural replacement for the stones and logs he used in his primitive physical training in the Yukon. In this he is wise. He realizes that his strength will always be his chief asset in the grappling game, and by striving to increase it—if that is possible—he knows he is making his extraordinary, natural powers capable of a higher degree of efficiency that will stand him in good stead, when the day comes he may meet an opponent of challenging strength. When that hour arrives, as may be the case if he meets Killer Kowalski, victory will rest with the one who has the most endurance. The greatest capacity to absorb the most punishment, with the stoutest heart. In this case, the primitive will prevail.

Created and cradled in the primitive, Yukon Eric will ever be a dominant scion of the primordial. It is woven in his thews from an ancient Viking ancestry. It swarms in the red corpuscles that wash in his blood. It guards his native instincts, and tempers his courage with the spirit of conquerors.

An avalanche of might and muscle, Yukon Eric represents the elemental at its best. A ponderous, but superb token from the white man's last frontier, he stalks across our civilized scene with a lumbering majesty, an inevitable threat to the lordly kings of the mat, from whose brow his atavistic clutch may succeed in wresting the crown. Win or lose, the other will bear the marks of his mauling to his dying day, and mat history will write in sonorous tones of the devastating march of Yukon Eric, the last of the primitive giants, the stalking colossus of the Klondike.

Popularity Rating

(Continued from page 14)

1. Antonino Rocca.
2. Don Eagle and Bert Assirati.
3. Gorgeous George
4. Primo Carnera.
5. Gene Stanlee.
6. Lou Thesz
7. Frank Sexton.
8. Leo Garibaldi.
9. Yukon Eric.
10. Buddy Rogers.

Don't be surprised to see the name of Rocca heading the list — above all others Rocca is a tremendous draw. The amazing Argentinian has captured the imagination of the public in an unprecedented manner since his arrival here two years ago. Rocca is the most sought after wrestler in the game today. His bookings are as much as three months ahead and as many offers as he accepts, twice that number are turned down. When Bill Johnston matched Rocca with Gene Stanlee in the Madison Square Garden last summer in an attempt to bring the sport back to the level of the mid-thirties, 18,000 fans jammed the famous Sports Arena with thousands turned away. This match drew as many as the Jim Londos-Joe Savoldi heavyweight championship contest did in 1935. Rocca and Stanlee wrestled three times in the Garden and drew great crowds each occasion. Not only in New York but in every other major city has Rocca played before record turnouts —San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, St. Louis and in every town, John Q Public turned out in his thousands to see this great star grapple.

Second places go to Don Eagle and Bert Assirati. The colorful Eagle comes close to Rocca in popularity with his haircut now a national fad. There have been more kids kicked out of college for having "Don Eagle hairdo's" than for eating goldfish during the other College Silly Seasons. Don is well educated, clean cut and every inch a gentleman. His personality is reflected in his wrestling style—clean, fast and scientific. Eagle has earned second place on our listing of popular mat stars with . . .

Bert Assirati, British Empire and European champion. Bert was in this country some years ago—in the early thirties when but a teenager. Even then his record stood at 48 bouts—46 wins and two draws, the latter with the late Ray Steele and Jimmy Londos. Wherever he wrestles in Europe, the fans pack the arenas. His record is truly terrific. With only TWO defeats in close to thirty years of grappling, powerful, and for all his huge bulk, extremely fast, Bert thrills the fans with his tremendous variety of holds and acrobatics. One of the world's truly great grapplers, he is expected to visit this country shortly and American fans will probably see him in action.

Gorgeous George ranks third as a drawing power. Unlike Rocca and Don Eagle, George is the villainous type of Grappler, and people pay to see him take a trouncing. It's the high light of the evening when a Dick Raines or a Dusek or a Baxter go to work on the George hairdo and pull it out by the roots. Credit must be given to "Gorgeous" for creating a new type of wrestling. He was the first to grow the long Golden locks and invest in those beautiful robes and a valet. Gorgeous George gave the wrestling world something new and is partly responsible for injecting new life into his profession when things were sinking fast. George became the original television favorite when he started his new methods in Southern California. Bars advertised—"Gorgeous George Night—come and see the fun." His name and fame spread far and wide and fans in every part of the country clamored to see him in action. Few of the wrestling public recognized him in the peroxide permanent and the flowing robes. They HAD seen him before, but in those days he was just plain—George Wagner. If this rating had been printed a year ago, Gorgeous George would have placed top by an Irishman's Mile, but his novelty is wearing off; yet he still deserves third place in popularity.

Primo Carnera is our fourth wrestler in order of fan appeal. "Da Preem" is so great a wrestling attraction at the box office that he is earning more money today as a grappler

than he ever did as the boxing champion of two decades ago. When you recall how much money Primo drew through the turnstiles of the Boxing Arenas, his accomplishments as a mat attraction are truly amazing. Primo started as a wrestler when but a kid, switching to boxing and then back to his first love again —wrestling. The saga of Primo Carnera, the Ambling Alp, is one of the most colorful in the "world of sport."

Gene Stanlee, the Mr. America of the mat must be included in any popularity list. 90% of his followers are females who turn out in their thousands to see him strut his stuff. Gene has done most of his wrestling in and around New York City and every Mat Fan in the United States has heard of him even tho they may never have witnessed him in action. Based on his Ring work and the ability to pull people in the Wrestling Palaces, there is little doubt that Gene is a top attraction We make this statement without reserve and knowing full well that with women all over the country, Gene will get them into the clubs wherever he happens to be.

The sixth and seventh men in the rating, Lou Thesz and Frank Sexton, are the first and second in our list based on ability alone. Readers of Wrestling will recall that Thesz rates TOPS among the world's stars with Frank Sexton running him a close second. Both Lou and Frank are great drawing cards with the fans packing the clubs to watch them perform in their straight true wrestling styles. They need no cloaks or hairdo's, no extra comical touches—With these men, wrestling is seen at its scientific best. Many thousands of fans, knowing their grappling, and followers of the amateur side of the Game, are interested only in men of the Thesz-Sexton type. These people like their wrestling STRAIGHT. They enjoy the old style of strength and cunning pitted against an opponent of equal caliber. Gotch, Zybysco and Hackenschmidt did it that way and they gained world fame in the doing. Sexton and Thesz are throw-backs to the old school. They give you grappling at its cleanest and best and they have the supporting followers in their thousands.We say without hesitation that Thesz and Sexton will STILL be top drawing cards when many of those rated above them are long forgotten.

Leo Garibaldi, youngest of the Clan, has reached the top of the ladder in a very short space of time. This newcomer has been grappling for a little over two years and has become a leading favorite in California. Like Gene Stanlee, young Leo's clean style and handsome appearance have made big hits with the ladies.

Yukon Eric, the strong man from Canada who tosses 250 pound opponents around the ring as if they were children, has captured the hearts of both the American and Canadian public. Eric is rated ninth and shows promise of climbing higher and higher on this list with each passing month. As more and more people get to know him and his rough brutal style of wrestling, his popularity will soar higher and higher—WATCH ERIC GO — !

Nature Boy Buddy Rogers, the great mat star from Camden, New Jersey, takes tenth place with ease. Buddy drew great crowds in California last winter and even larger throngs in Chicago and St. Louis in recent months. When Rogers devoted his time to New York rings, about three years ago, he was the leading card for Toots Mondt. Why he ever deserted the East, has been a mystery to his followers around these parts. The best answer to that question is—"It's only fair to give the rest of the country a chance to see Buddy Rogers wrestle"—So long fans —see you next month!

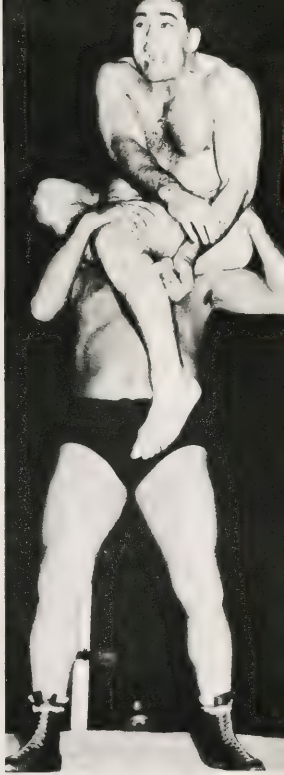
Boxer vs. Wrestler

(Continued from page 28)

The famous Ruby Bob Fitzimmons, defeated Gus Ruhlin in the ring in six rounds, and then was matched with him a year later to wrestle to a finish, best two out of three, at the old Madison Square Garden. The match caused widespread interest, and the famous arena was crowded to bursting point. Gus tugged and strained at the freckled Cornishman and within half an hour had pinned Ruby Bob's shoulders twice to the mat. For Gus, revenge was sweet. They had the crowd in an uproar time after time by taking sly punches at each other, and once in the center of the ring, Ruhlin clamped on a strangle hold which was only loosened by Fitz jabbing his big fist into the Akron Giant's mid-section. Ruhlin doubled up with the pain, but came right back with a smashing to Fitz's eye as the pair rolled over the mat tussling and slamming at each other with their fists in a wild mix-up of grappling and boxing. Ruhlin, out-weighing Bob by 30 pounds, gained his first fall in 12 minutes and 43 seconds with a three-quarter nelson. After a 15 minute interval, they resumed. Fitz went into a crouch and slapped Ruhlin with his open hands on face and neck. Gus replied with some mean jabs to the eyes, whereupon, Ruby Bob rushed Ruhlin to the ropes for a little rough housing. Charley White, the referee, had his hands full explaining the rules, and at last Ruhlin flopped to the mat on all fours with Fitz on top. In vain the Cornishman tried to pull his adversary over, and Gus, watching for an opening, picked Bob up after another 12 minutes and 24 seconds and slammed him heavily to the mat for his second and winning fall.

Another famous Boxer against Wrestler match was the Gotch-Slavin affair. Gotch, touring Alaska, met up with Frank Slavin in a wild, brawling, brutal bout. At the end of the fourth round, Gotch was bleeding badly from the nose and mouth, and one eye was a mere slit with the other rapidly closing. With the opening bell of the 5th round, Gotch, enraged because he was unable to connect solidly with a punch on Slavin, rushed him to the ropes and heaved him into the tenth row of spectators. Slavin, badly shaken, crawled back ready to resume, but the referee called a halt and awarded him the match on a foul.

There have been many other cases in which a wrestler met a boxer . . . Bert

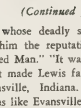


Rocca clamps his flying head scissors on an unlucky opponent. A damaging hold, it has won Tony many of his fights. Rocca has refreshed the game with his renewal of leg tactics.

Assirati engaged in one of these matches, taking all the blows the boxer could dish out, then rushing in with a swift "go behind" wrapped his arms around the boxer's arms and body and . . . broke FOUR RIBS. Jack Sherry also met a boxer, ex-heavyweight British champion Reggie Meen. Meen was a swift man with a left hook and dropped Jack for a count of nine. Sherry arose and kept clear until he saw his opportunjty, then went in swiftly and Body Slammed Meen . . .Reggie was OUT for three hours.

Other famous boxers are said to have engaged in matches against wrestlers. Several times, each keeping to his own specialty, and in almost every match, the wrestler proved to be superior when the bout was mixed, with boxer proving an easy winner when both were required to put on the gloves.

Jack Dempsey several times tried to box against a wrestler and in such a mixed match, lost the decision. His opponent in many of these bouts was Bull Montana who recently died. Perhaps the greatest of these matches never did come off. Back in the winter of 1922 it was announced that Dempsey had agreed to mix it with Ed Strangler Lewis in a bout to a finish. Unfortunately, the announcement was later denied and both the promotors and fans missed a good thing. Quite definitely, it would have given us concrete evidence in deciding the age old argument—Can a wrestler beat a boxer?



The World's Greatest Wrestlers

(Continued from page 18)

and whose deadly scissors hold has gained for him the reputation of the mat's "Most Feared Man." "It was the match" said Toots, "that made Lewis famous." The men met in Evansville, Indiana. In those days, small towns like Evansville had only one wire service or phone. If your manager got to the wire or phone first, he could color the fight as he saw fit, give his own version of what went on, and this Billy Sandow did. The result of the match between Stecher and Lewis in Evansville has always been given as a draw. What actually happened was that Stecher threw Lewis out of the ring after two hours of cruel mauling. The referee stopped the match. Billy Sandow rushed to the phone and told Bill Dunkley of the United Press that Lewis had held Stecher to a draw. The report created a tremendous sensation. You and I would find it hard to believe the excitement of those days. People then took their wrestling seriously. They gambled their life's savings on a single fall, they wagered their week's wages on the result of a match, and the supporters of Stecher had taken quite a financial beating. Back East, promoters were clamoring for a return bout. Lewis and Sandow arrived in New York to find themselves famous, their names on the lips of every sports reporter and promoter in town. The public followed them in crowds wherever they went and the demand for another meeting between Lewis and Stecher became overwhelming, and the popularity of Ed Lewis soared to fantastic heights. And this was but natural. He had a great personality and he was a grand fellow. Once you met him, you never forgot him. His smile, his handshake were imprinted indelibly in your memory. And he too never forgot a face or a name. Like Babe Ruth, he had that ready, friendly grin, that magnetism of features and mannerisms that gripped you. Women liked him from the start and Ed—well, he liked women! "For some reason," went on Toots, "the girls were crazy about him and flocked in their thousands to his matches."

Eventually, the return match with Stecher was arranged, and it proved to be his toughest bout. In this match, he broke the spirit of Stecher and proved beyond all doubt that he was the REAL world's champion. The bout lasted for five hours and forty minutes, and it was a draw. It was Joe Stecher's brag that the finest wrestler he had ever met was Frank Gotch. Joe idolized the Humboldt Farmers Boy and sincerely believed that he was the greatest the world had ever seen. The bout between the Scissors King and the headlock expert began in daylight, and when it got dark, cars were run down to the ringside and the men fought by their headlights. At the end of the first hour's wrestling, Ed Lewis said, loud enough for the ringside rows to hear, "Hey, Joe, d'you still think Gotch is better than me?" All the time he kept up the attack, boring in, slamming and headlocking, needling Stecher and making him tremble with rage. At the end of the second hour, he again asked Stecher the question, "Joe,—still think Gotch is better than me?" and then once more at the end of the third hour of wrestling, with Joe Stecher shaking his head each time, and telling Lewis in no uncertain terms what he could do. At the end of the fifth hour of pulling and mauling, Lewis opened a furious attack on Stecher, picking him up and slamming him down time and again. In the space of 8 minutes he clamped over 25 headlocks. People watching the bout were silent and amazed, incredulous—unable to imagine where Lewis got his energy and fighting heart. Suddenly, during a silence that had body, broken only by the labored, sobbing breath of Stecher, Lewis again popped the question. In a loud, deep voice he said "Hey Joe, d'you think I'm as good as Gotch now?" Stecher nodded his head. "Yes, Ed, you're a GOOD man, better than Gotch." Forty minutes later, the bout was ended by the referee—, a draw, but a draw that had the whole wrestling world by the ears, for a new champion had been born. Stecher had entered the twilight of his career and Lewis had emerged into a blaze of glory. They met again after this tremendous bout with draws marking the ending of each match, but Stecher was never the same. He lost the title to Earl Caddock and managed to regain it when a three cornered argument between Lewis, Zybysco and himself was raging, but Lewis had put in his claim for the crown with a force and energy that could not be withstood.

You know of course about his terrific match with Stecher for the championship and how he gained the crown. You've written about the battle between the scissors of Stecher and the Lewis headlock. That was Ed's show hold. The fans expected it of him—they wanted to see it put on—and they clamored for it. But it was a feature hold only. Ed used it to soften them up, and when the going got tough and the chips down, he ALWAYS relied on a hammerlock and toe hold and then went in for the *pin*. He held the championship from 1920, when he first won it, right through to 1933, winning and losing the title no fewer than five times."

"What a wrestler" said Toots. "Game . .? He absorbed punishment that would have killed other men and he never quit so long as he could stand. When he couldn't get up, Ed knew it was time to call a halt. The one thing that made him a great wrestler was his natural endowment. When she planned Ed Lewis, Mother Nature meant him to wrestle. He had a sort of a sway back that set his thighs away from you and gave him an overpowering, tremendous leverage and a wonderful defensive-offensive quality. He could get up close to you yet you would be nowhere near him—funny, but there it is. If ever you meet Zybysco, ask him about Lewis. Ed beat Zibbie to a frazzle and made the Ponderous Pole wonder what was happening.

"I fought him once in Kansas. A group of business men and sportsmen wanted to see us shoot it out. So a private match was arranged. We fixed up an old barn on the outskirts of town and got working on each other. We fought from two in the afternoon until dusk; all told, we wrestled for 3½ hours and at the end called it a draw. All the time Lewis kept up a furious attack with little calm spells. It was like a raging typhoon. A little breeze and then a flurry of power that you just had to withstand or else go under. Lewis would wait and wait for me to make a false move, and then . . . slam bang, in he would come for a finish. How I kept out of trouble I don't know but just towards then end of the fight, I got a head and crotch hold and slammed him. He bounced up again, but I could see that he was hurt. Soon after that, the referee stopped the bout and Billy Sandow, Ed's manager, called me over to the ropes. "Toots" he said, "That's the nearest that Ed has come to being genuinely beaten." That was my proudest moment.

"Yes, Ed Strangler Lewis was a remarkable man. One of the first in this country to patronize commercial aviation, he flew every-

where . . . no matter where he was to wrestle and no matter if the landing was in a field, Ed flew. He liked to eat good and live good and why not? If ever a man loved life and all that life is, then that man was Ed. Warm and human, he forgave all human foibles and was forgiven. He loved to play cards. You might call him a semi-professional bridge player. He made money and he lost it with no regrets. He used to be Public Relations Director for the National Wrestling Alliance, and now he is managing a wrestler in Canada."

Just at that moment, Rudy Miller walked through the office. "Just telling Charlie here about Ed Lewis" said Toots, "Great guy," replied Rudy. "Great Wrestler" . . . "Say, that's a good way to end your article." Toots slumped back in his chair and poured himself a shot of prune juice from the ice box . . . "Great guy . . . Great Wrestler. I've had thousands of men come into this office, good, bad and indifferent, with and without character, but there hasn't been a single ONE of them who could hold a candle to the greatest of them all—a great guy and an even greater Mat Man, Ed "Strangler" Lewis."

Sumo Wrestling

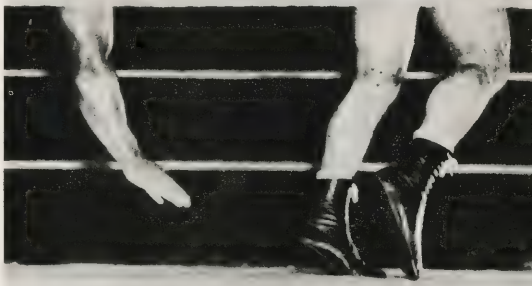
(Continued from page 21)

complicated technique. The method of throwing an opponent from the ring or causing him to be ousted from it, is many sided and complicated. There are 3 basic styles called "tuki"—"Osi"—and "Yori" and from these more than 200 different "hands" or "tricks" have been developed. Tuki means "thrusting" — Osi means "Pushing" and Yori "clinching or grappling." When two wrestlers are prepared to "go into each other, they usually commence with a series of thrusts or pushes with open hands against the opponent's chest. Both hands are used alternately and swiftly like the powerful piston rods of an engine, open handed punches with the base of the palm. As the hand hits, it bounces slightly upwards to make the blow all the more damaging. It is not unusual to see a man render his antagonist helpless with a rapid fire of powerful thrusts, and batter him right out of the ring.

Another use of the hands is employed when a man dodges the thrusts launced against him and causes his adversary to get off balance. Taking advantage of this, he gives him a series of heavy blows on his neck, shoulder or back with the open hands and knocks the attacker forward and out of the ring.

Great use is made of balance and leverage, pulling an opponent into an awkward position and taking advantage of this. In the throw called *Hrkkake*, the trick is to dodge a thrust with the right hand by stepping to the left, then, while the other wrestler is staggering, to seize hold of his outflung arm and pull it vigorously in the direction in which the man is staggering, thus adding force to the fall.

The legs may be gripped or the ankles seized, and these holds are usually made use of by any Sumo Man who is below average in height. The seized leg is held as high as possible and a strong thrust away given to bring the opponent off balance and crashing down to the floor. Great ability and agility is needed for this type of wrestling . . . "Asi-Tori." All tricks in which an adversary is thrown with the use of an arm are called "Hineri" and by the leg "kake." The number of these tricks are large and are practised in connection with grappling and clinching movements. The loin cloth may be held in



The amazing Canadian wrestler "Whipper Billy Watson," is here seen in one of the most amazing photos, tossing the "Masked Terror" in a recent Toronto bout, witnessed by 16,000 people. His famous "Whip Roll" has been copied and exploited by wrestlers all over the world.

order to give a more powerful leverage or thrust to a trip or throw.

In any pushing movements, when a wrestler wishes to apply this movement on his opponent's arm, chin, throat or armpit, it must be done with the open hand and between the thumb and fingers, so that no part is actually grasped, but is caught in a "fork" of the hand. The wrestler may also push with open hand on his antagonist's body or by holding onto the loin cloth. This pushing is most effective when used by a tall wrestler—especially against the chin of a shorter man. A short wrestler finds all the pushes against the armpit effective when grappling against taller opponents, and the tall man favors, through experience, all grips on the throat.

The trick known as the "Izumigawa" is one which bears a remarkable resemblance to the well known "supplex hold." It can only be used in Sumo by a very powerful man, one physically a giant. Considering the body-weights of some of the Sumo wrestlers . . . upwards of 300 and 400 pounds, this isn't hard to understand. In this Sumo throw, the contestant arrests the freedom of this adversary's arms by locking them against his own body with his own arms. He must so grip the arms of the other wrestler that he can press an elbow against his chest and prevent him from breaking free or making a counter-attack. Then he lifts upwards and throws his opponent out of the ring.

Of the many tripping throws, the "sotogake" or "grapevine from outside" is the best known and most effective. The wrestler seizes hold of his opponent's loin cloth at the small of the back and pulls him close, then he twists his right leg outside and around his adversary's left. Pulling in on the loin cloth and tugging the foot forward, he throws the other wrestler back and off balance, and all that is then needed is a vigorous push to win the match.

In the "Uttyari" or "throw away" hold, something like a half buttock throw, the contestant has just succeeded in saving himself from being thrown out of the ring and has turned the tables. As he is forced to the edge of the ring, he bends backwards as far as he can, at the same time lifting his opponent. Then he suddenly turns his body and with a swift wrench throws the adversary out of the ring. A beautiful trick if properly executed, it never fails to win a roar of applause.

There are of course recognized fouls in the sport, and such practices as using the clenched fists, bone breaking holds, hitting in the face or vital parts, deliberately crushing the muscles of the throat, untying an opponent's loin cloth while wrestling, pulling the hair, kicking and any hold or lock which can cause pain to a wrestler are prohibited. The signal of disqualification is made by a gesture of the fan the umpire carries, called "the war fan." Umpires are only allowed to judge matches in which the ranks of the wrestlers correspond to their own. Thus an umpire of the senior rank appears in the ring bare footed and with green strings attached the fan, . . . First rank umpires are allowed to wear white socks in the ring and have pink and white strings attached to the fans, while the umpire who is equal in rank to the finest wrestler present, wears white socks, straw sandals and carries a wooden sword. On his fan are purple strings.

Sumo wrestling is, obviously, an art of exercising the body and strength in a way peculiar to the people of Japan. There is the spiritual, the physical and the mental element in the sport, with the participants strongly animated with the spirit of sportsmanship and sincerity. Some years ago, before the war, the art of Sumo was regarded as the very symbol of national progress and during the war suffered an eclipse, but now the stadiums are crowded again, and once more this unique pastime is coming into its own — it is unlikely that we will see it in the United States, for its slow pacing ceremonies would appear boring to the average American, yet, despite this, its traditions and science claim for it a very definite place in the world's sports.

Get Stronger Arms

(Continued from page 29)

how powerful arms are such a tremendous asset to the wrestler. The great wrestlers of all time were men who were powerfully muscled in the arms . . . huge, bulging muscles . . . hard as steel and with the untiring power of a drop hammer. Remember great champion of some years back . . . Stan Zybysco? He was a huge and powerful man . . . but it was his arms which were so exceptional. They were so big and massive that they measured a full 20 inches around. That is almost as large as the average man's thigh!!

Then think of Primo Carnera . . . his massive arms measure about 1 inch less than Zybysco's did . . . and the mighty power in

them made him first a champion boxer and now one of the great stars in wrestling. Think of the power in Strangler Lewis' arms . . . so strong that he could numb your entire body once he caught you in the grasp of his famous head lock. No man could survive the full force of this hold once the Strangler placed it on securely.

Yukon Eric is another who comes to my mind as being among the strongest armed of all time. Lying on his back on a bench, he lifted a weight of 350 pounds from his chest to full arm's length the very first time he ever tried the lift, as though it were a bag of feathers. He breaks holds as though the muscles of the powerful men who clamp them on him were made of putty and it is possible that he is the strongest man in wrestling today.

Then there is Maurice Shapiro, better known as the Great Atlas . . . this outstnad-his wrestling opponents, but before each match he gives a powerful exhibition of strong arm feats, such as bending thick bars, tearing heavy chains apart, and letting half a dozen big men pull against his clasped arms on either side . . . in a human tug of war . . . and never once has his grip been broken.

These are the men . . . the stars of wrestling . . . the men who livelihood depends upon their complete physical efficiency. They KNOW the vital spots and they insist that their arms be strong, heavily muscled and impressive looking. These are the men each of you should look to for the secrets of of championship power and form. These are the men whose example you must follow if you even hope to make a name for yourself as a wrestling star. Or even if you have no desire to make a name for yourself as a wrestler, just think of what it would mean to you to own a pair of powerful arms . . . he-man arms, to demand respect with and to impress all who come in contact with you.

Don't make the mistake of believing that you can only get those massive arms on the wrestling mat . . . for this isn't so. To be sure, the professional wrestler does get a lot of his muscle and power through the practice of wrestling, but they all do a lot of muscle building in the gym too. They use weights, chest expanders, pulleys and other pieces of apparatus in their training and THIS is the secret of their smashing power.

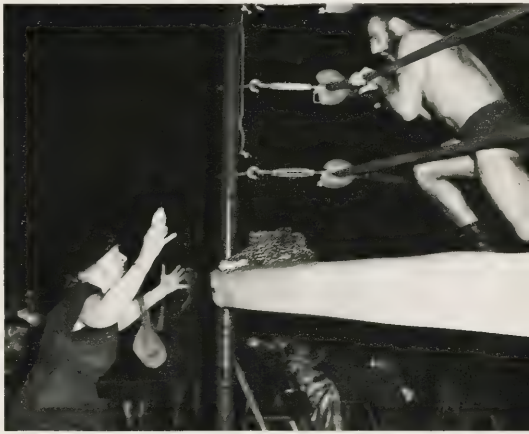
And it is so easy for you to get the arms and power of a wrestler, even if you NEVER step onto the wrestling mat, or NEVER go to a gym. You can do it privately . . . right in your own home. You can do it at ANY age . . . young or old. No one need know about it but yourself. And then imagine the surprise of others when you roll up your sleeves and they see the mighty arms of a giant of power and brawn. Of course you want to get a reputation of being a really strong man. Everyone admires strength and impressive physical appearance. So get your share right now. Then later on, if you want to use this new strength for wrestling or ANY sport it will be right there waiting for your call.

Weight training is the best means of physical development. The majority of top spot wrestlers use weights regularly in their training . . . Gene Stanlee, the Golden Superman. Primo Carnera, Yukon Erik, etc., etc. . . they make sure that they find time to train with the weights nearly every day. They can't afford to waste time, so if it is good for them, it certainly will be great for you.

To begin with, you can use almost anything for weights . . . a broomstick with some cans filled with sand tied to it, or some metal wheels . . . anything that will give you resistance. Later on, you will of course want a really good set of weights of modern design, as well as first class instructions on how to use the weights. You will be amazed how fast you will grow strong and heavily muscled if you use weights correctly. Here is a sample . . . try these exercises for just two weeks . . . try to do them everyday. See how much fuller, stronger and more impressive your whole arms are in just that short time . . . and with just these few movements. Then imagine what a really good set of weights and a well planned course will do. I know that you will send in an order for a set of weights soon. And don't forget to buy them from Mr. America Barbell Co., as advertised in this magazine when you do . . . these sets are the best and the courses will bring you the most results. For the present, however, give these a test.

Exercise NO. 1. . . . .Of course you must have a powrful grip for any strong arm feat. Your forearm and fingers must be strong. You must be able to grasp another man with your hands and hold him helpless in your grip. This exercise will help to give you that unbreakable strength. Take a round pole, about 1½" thick and drill a hole thro the center of it. Get some heavy cord and put it through this hole, knotting it so that it will not slip through. On the end of the string tie a weight. Now, hold your arms as shown in illustration No.1, wind only. When the weight is completely wound up against the pole, you permit it to lower to the ground again and then wind it up again. Continue the movement until your forearms swell up large and full and feel very tired.

Exercise No. 2 . . . . . All wrestlers have neck power, they must also be able to exert arm strength while in the wrestlers bridge position. Illustration No. 2 shows a weight held across the chest in the wrestlers bridge position. From here it is pressed to full arm's length and then lowered again to the starting position. Repeat the pressing movement from the chest to arm's length 10 times. Then take a short rest and perform another 10 times. Don't use much weight in this until your muscles get strengthened up. You can work up to tremendous weights in this



Famed wrestling fan Hat Pin Mary who raises riots—among the wrestlers that is—with her "pinking" antics. Here Mary heckles the Wolf Man with a baby's bottle.

"The Bouncing Boy From The Pampas" is here seen relaxing in a Los Angeles park, between the numerous exhibitions he puts on around the country. Antonino Rocca shows another side of his nature—animal lover. Tony as you all know is one of the most beloved of all wrestlers.

movement in time. There is one professional strong man I know of who can support over 1,000 pounds in this position. At first you should use only about 10 or 15 pounds . . . but soon you will be able to use much more. And when you do you will find that your entire body and arms will have improved sensationally in strength and appearance.

Exercise No. 3 . . . Now for developing those muscles which are so important in all those crushing movements . . . bear hugs, body slams, etc. Illustration No. 3 shows the starting position of the exercise. Now, using mainly arm strength, you curl the weight to the shoulder and then lower to the thighs again. Note the position of the palms which are facing away from the body. You use little body motion in this exercise as the weight you use becomes heavier. Perform 10 repetitions and then after a short rest, perform another 10 repetitions.

If you have done the exercises correctly, your arms will feel and look larger after the very first work-out. In a few weeks you will have added considerable solid muscle and will have grown much stronger. It is just as simple as that . . . and don't think it won't show, for it will. People will be impressed when they grasp you by your arm even with your jacket on, for the steel-like texture of firm muscle can be felt through any normal clothing. And if you have the need to roll up your sleeves . . . you will be sure that you will get many glances of admiration. Everyone respects POWER . . . and your arms can make you a POWERFUL man. Start today . . . I guarantee you will be amazed with the results.

June Byers, Lady Wrestler

(Continued from page 30)

Lady wrestling is far from being a soft touch. It's a raw, rugged sport where injuries and scars are worn as unconcernedly as make-up. During the course of her career, June has collected 8 broken ribs, 2 fractured collarbones, a nasty gash requiring 12 stitches over one eye, a cracked pelvis from vicious body slams and torn elbow cartileges in addition to the usual assortment of bruises. "You've got to be able to take it" she says, "but if pays off if you have the fire, ambition and guts." The attractive Texan redhead enlarged on the subject she knows so well. "I haven't the slightest doubt that women's wrestling is not only more brutal than men's but a good deal of nastiness and dirty work is purposely inflicted. I was wrestling Mae Young one night when she got annoyed at me, and kicked me in the teeth. I couldn't whistle for weeks. Men don't hold grudges in the ring like the women do." went on June. "Like an elephant, a woman never forgets. Let a girl pull a fast one and three years and 200 bouts later, the victim will get her revenge.

An outdoor girl with a zest for western living, June works on a ranch during the wrestling off-season. Roping steers and calves and riding most of the day keeps her in tip top condition for the mat. "I get a big kick out of rodeo sports and the best things I like are Texan Mule races. Ask any westerner about these. It's REAL fun!" laughed June.

You wouldn't believe it to look at her, but June has an eight year old youngster who is a corking wrestling prospect. A big husky lad for his age, he is fast learning the tricks of the trade and may one day follow in his mothers footsteps. June's one BIG ambition in life is to be a promotor in the girl grappling game. Her five years of active service in the professional world has given her a fine groundwork that will make her dream come true. When not in action, she can do a ballyhoo job as well as any expert promotor in her sport. She can write an interesting yarn about wrestling or appear very effectively in radio or television. In one day she appeared on three programs in New York City and was a sensation on each, winding up the day being interviewed by Bill Stern, Nation's Top Broadcaster over a country wide hook up.

June has wrestled in every state in the Union and in some foreign countires as well. While she plied her trade, June used her head and picked up every promotional trick she could. "Yes" she said earnestly, "I'd like to become the first girl grappler to turn promotor. I'd like to eventually get my own troup together and promote wrestling in the

major stadiums and arenas througout the country—such as the Chicago Stadium, Detroit Olympic Arena and Madison Square Garden in New York City.

If determination and a thorough knowledge of the game is what counts, June is the girl who can do it. She feels that though the sport of Lady Wrestling has advanced by leaps and bounds during recent seasons, it has a long way to go before it reaches the heights of a top form of entertainment. Very wisely, June feels that you learn the promotional side of the sport only by being active in it. It hasn't been this way with every successful promotor but it's certainly a GOOD beginning for one who eventually will be doing booking instead of the banging around. There are only two women promotors in the country, neither of whom were competitors like June—yet they are both doing well. Says June "I like to work for Mrs. Max Yeargain of Topeka, Kansas, and Mrs. Florence Turner of Washington, D. C. Both have that feminine touch in their promotion work and it more than pays off. They cater to the women fans and their arenas are packed with women who bring their husbands and sometimes their children too. They do a wonderful job from their offices in presenting Men as well as Girl Grappling.

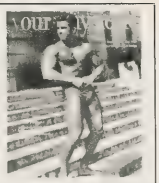
Mrs. Turner took over Turner's Arena in Washington after her husband died and has progressed from wrestling into boxing promotion. A small but pleasant club, it has been popular with the fans, and Mrs. Turner has done a wonderful job. Mrs. Max Yeargain kept her husbands club in Topeka going during the war while he was in the service and did such a job of work on it, that when he returned, he was able to devote his time to other enterprises while she retained sole charge of the Wrestling Promotion.

June has met all of the leading lady wrestlers and holds the edge over most with one single exception—Champion Mildred Burke. In 1948 before a packed arena in Atlanta, Georgia, with an attendance of 5000 and a gate of $7,000 and the same year at Boston Gardens they drew another record crowd of 14,000 with gate receipts of $22,000. In ability and drawing power, June is second to the great Mildred.

With Mildred Burke around it seems that there is little chance of June ever becoming the champion, but she is determined to go on trying for as many years as she is able —Of one thing she is determined. As soon as she wins the title, she will retire and reenter the Wrestling scene as the first Lady Wrestler to turn promoter. Until that day, Queen Mildred had better keep on her toes for June Byers is after her scalp and is determined to tie it to her belt.

A THRILL OF A LIFETIME . . . AWAITS YOU — WHEN . . .

You get your copy of the February issue of "Your Physique" Magazine! The good health and vital living magazine of the nation . . . the current issue, now on all newsstands is crammed full of sensational photographs of the world's most perfectly developed men, smashing stories of how you can banish sickness and suffering and lead a healthier, happier life. Every member of the family will enjoy and benefit from the great YOUR PHYSIQUE magazine. Pick up your copy today . . . only 25c a copy . . . it will start you on the road to a more vigorous life. YOUR PHYSIQUE MAGAZINE . . . at all newsstands . . . just twenty-five cents a copy.



Let's Wrestle

(Continued from page 11)

of science and speed. That's the stuff to make you a champion.

In last month's lesson, you were shown certain simple holds—the nelsons and the hammerlock with a bar. These holds are rarely used on their own and are nearly always used in combination with other holds. This month we will get into other wrestling grips which can be used in combination with last month's lessons to secure a fall or "pin."

1. FURTHER NELSON. Note the position of the arm in the illustration. Instead of using the right hand as the lever, the wrestler has reached across his partner with his left arm—if you are working on the left side you use your right arm—the arm is placed under the partner's LEFT arm and up until the hand rests on the neck. Place your right hand on your opponent's head and PUSH IT TO THE LEFT, into your left hand. Bear down with all you have and keep your body close to that of your adversary—LEAN ALL YOUR WEIGHT on him.

As your pressure increases, your partner's hips (2) will raise themselves. Swing your opponent over keeping well under him as his shoulders near the mat. At this point increase the leverage by falling face forward, swinging your opponent completely over (3) onto his shoulders. Keep yourself close to your adversary's body at all times.

4. TOE HOLD. One of the most painful holds in the book is the Toe Hold. Used as a feature grip by the great Frank Gotch, it played a decisive part when he defeated George Hackenschmidt. There are a score of variations of this hold, depending on the various circumstances in which it can be employed. It is said that Frank Gotch used at least 17 separate forms of the Toe Hold. In the illustration, the wrestler is astride his partner with the thighs well apart to give a low balanced position. His left thigh is back of the knee of the trapped foot. The leg is bent upward while the foot itself is twisted as it is grasped in both hands. The leg is pulled forward while the body of the adversary is kept from moving. Great care must be

5. LEG TRIP. This hold or trip is taken from the upright position. It can be secured by feinting for a head chancery. The outcome of such a manouver is for your training partner to raise his hands for a block, or straighten out his trunk in order to avoid the threatened chancery. As he does this, rush him back and dive swiftly for his foot. Raise the foot to an under-arm position and lock it there tightly. Clamp down your hand on the knee and PRESSURE the joint. Notice that you keep your partner as far away as you can. Don't let him get near to you or move around to a more advantageous position. You can prevent this by stepping on his free foot. When this position is secured, bear down on the captured thigh and push him backwards HARD. Don't step off his foot until he is on the way down to the mat. Practice both the "feint" and the dive until you can make both manouvers swiftly and surely.

6. GRAPE VINE ON LEG AND HEAD LOCK. Here is a combination hold which can be applied to gain a fall or to bring your partner to the mat for a pin. You have secured a head lock from the front and your partner has countered by attempting to pull your leg from under you. Twist your left leg outside and around the left leg of your opponent and "HOOK" the toe at his ankle. Keep your body slightly forward. With a swift strong backwards "hank" to your partner's trapped leg, give a simultaneous twist to the head lock and bring him to the mat. From here, if you have made the "Fall" with sufficient speed, a fall or pin can be made with little difficulty.

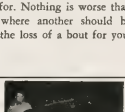
7. THE CROTCH HOLD. Another hold which has innumerable variations is the "crotch hold" and it is almost always used in combination with the other Nelson holds. It can be taken from a standing position—such as the leg trip, when that hold can be converted into a crotch hold after your opponent has been thrown down to the mat, but it is almost always taken from a "MAT" position when both men are down and working from there. The illustration shows but one of the many ways in which a crotch hold can be taken from a standing position. The arms are simply passed between the legs and one thigh seized tightly against the body. From this taken when practicing this hold as it is easy to severely injure your training partner.

position, place a foot on the upper arm of your partner in order to prevent him from neck-rolling out of the hold or bridging out of it.

8. HAMMER LOCK AND CROTCH HOLD. One of the most popular combinations for pinning a man is the hammer lock and crotch. With the arm pulled securely up the back, keep the forearm pointing up to the neck and lean your weight on it. Reach back and pass your free hand between your partner's thighs. Lift up between the crotch and pull up and forward on your hammer lock. Your opponent will be easily turned over. If it is possible, you can reach right through the legs with the hand in the crotch hold, and clamp it onto the hand which you are using to put on the hamlock. The use of the hammerlock should never be underrated. It is one of wrestling's great holds and has helped to pin more men than any other.

Practice these holds and learn to combine them with the others in lesson two. Don't attempt to use them in an actual bout until you are able to put them on EXACTLY as the situation calls for. Nothing is worse than to use one hold where another should be used. It can mean the loss of a bout for you.

New Faces from New Places



(Continued from page 13)

his sense of fair play and sportsmanship.

Grappling has gained so enormously in popularity, and for those who earn their living by it, so remunerative that a multitude of potential stars are fast building up big reputations with their flashing, furious mayhem methods, and a host of the oldsters whose lights have brightly burned are destined to fade into obscurity, burned out by the break-neck speed of the prominent new comers.

Of these new comers is Gene Dubuque, one of the best built, best looking of the Younger Set of grapplers to ever grace the mat. Born 22 years ago in Brooklyn, Gene served in the Navy for two years after leaving Springfield College, Mass., where he wrestled, boxed and played football. Winning the Mr. New York City title in 1947 at the Brooklyn Central YMCA, he joined the famed Peggy Taylor Adagio Trio and toured the country. There was not thought of professional wrestling in his mind, yet his victory in the physical excellence contest had decided his future life, for it had attracted the attention of the country's wrestling promoters who when they caught up with him, showered him with offers he could not afford to refuse. One day, after a single month's preparation, he made a successful entry into the professional ranks beating Joe Ludlum at the Stanley Arena in New Britain, Connecticut. Following that triumph, other adversaries fell before him like corn before a heavy storm and now, after a little over a year's experience, he is going after bigger game.

Dubuque is blessed with a physique that brings raves from the women and admiration from men. Standing 6 feet tall, he weighs 210 lbs. with every muscle rippling and clearly defined. Broad herculean shoulders and chest, he would excite envy from an Athenian Athlete. His head is covered with a mop of lustrous blue black hair, face beneath it so perfect that an artist would find it hard to reproduce. His is the perfect type of Handsome Manhood. In his Mat Battles, so far, Gene has shown the speed, elusiveness, aggressiveness and zeal of the young. All the fiery enthusiasm together with a veteran's coolness and poise is blended together into a terrific Wrestling Machine. Destined for the loftier grappling peaks, Dubuque is a man to be watched.

Another Brooklyn boy is Ray Schwarz, one time training partner of George Becker, ex-world champion. By no means a Johnny come lately, Ray has been wrestling for a good many years now, yet his constant introduction of holds which are new, gives one the impression that he has just commenced his career. Starting as an amateur at the Cooper A. C. with his pal, George Becker, he has become one of the greatest in the Game. He was but 15 years of age when he had his first bout, making rapid progress until in 1937 he won the Metropolitan Light Heavy title. That victory brought him into the limelight and he received many offers to turn pro. After another year as a simon pure, he donned the tights of the professionals, making his debut in Newark where he defeated Mike Yamka in 10 minutes. From 1937 to 1940, Schwarz wrestled all over the East, appearing in St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Minneapolis and Denver as his fame spread out from the Atlantic area.

With the 2nd World War ending his operations, he entered the Army fighting in the Battle of the Bulge and other engagements. With hostilities ended, he returned to the States and started his fight to take him to the top. Bigger and stronger, he met all comers and defeated among them—Bobby Bruns, Albion Britt and Karol Krauser. His clean scientific tactics have made him immensely popular with the fans and promoters and he is now as big an attraction as George Becker. Six feet tall and weighing 220 lbs., he comes close to being a perfect physical specimen. His favorite holds are the head scissors and double toe hold which he works for, then applies without mercy. Fans are asking when they will again see Schwarz in action in Eastern rings.

It is no secret that most of the fans enjoy a bout which combines brawling brutality with a pinch of science here and there. In the dignified art of reducing other humans to a pulp, Brother Frank Jares of Provo, Utah is one of the finest combinations of power, wrestling "know how," and bar room battling the grappling ring has ever seen. Frank introduces all these qualities into a smooth well rounded attack which leaves the victim wondering what hit him and "when's the ambulance coming for me?" Teamed in his first match with bearded Brother Jonathan, not even that Mormon worthy could top Jares for sheer diabolic ability to pulverize an opponent. For ten straight years, Brother Frank held the heavyweight lifting championships of the Pacific Coast. In wrestling he gripped the Pacific Coast titles in the heavy and light divisions tightly. Big, powerful and efficient, Brother Frank started his pro career in 1942 immediately establishing himself as a first rate Mat man. His trips into Canada, Hawaii and Panama left the Grappling inhabitants relieved when he left. Just take a glance at his record. He has beaten or fought to a draw Sandor Szabo, George Becker, Ed

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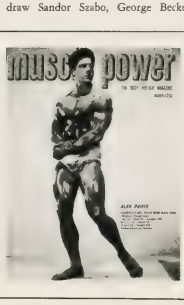

Lewis, Argentino Rocca and numerous others, men like Gorgeous George and Primo Carnera who rely on showmanship were rubbed down to a nub when Frank got through with them.

With no love lost, Brother Frank goes into the ring to trim his vis-a-vis down to the smallest size. "Sure, I wrestle rough," said Frank, "but in the ring I ain't playing with kids. They're men and so am I. If a guy can't take it and defend himself, then let him get out of wrestling." That's how Brother Jares explains his ring actions — but outside of the ring? Frank is capable of behaviour which makes you wonder if he has a Jekyll and Hyde personality. All across America, pro wrestlers, quietly and with no particular fanfare are teaching the small fry to take care of themselves. Unselfishly and with plenty of their own time and dough behind Youth Activities, they are making Young America fit and healthy. Such a man is Brother Frank, the Morman Mauler. His work with kids is his delight, his hobby, and he teaches them all he knows about weightlifting and wrestling. It's a hobby that pays off—not in dollars and cents, but in Good future American Citizens.

Up in Montreal, Canada, the fans are raving about young Lucky Simunovich, a grappler as colorful as the Hawaiian loin cloth he wears. Born in Yugoslavia some 27 years ago, Lucky and his parents came to the United States and continued travelling until brought to a halt in Hawaii. Here in the pacific paradise, Lucky grew to maturity and long before he ever gave thoughts to professional wrestling, was already an accomplished swimmer and pro footballer. A member of the Honolulu Police Force for 5 years, Lucky turned in his badge to become a pro wrestler and for the last eight years has astounded the fans with his Rocca like tactics. Mike Mazurki said of him that he had never seen so many legs thrown at him before—a tribute to the drop kick—in efficiency of Lucky. Popular with women, he is married and has a boy 14 months old. Lucky's clean tactics, blonde hair and blue eyes in combination with his height of 6 feet 3 inches and 228 pounds body weight make him one of the most popular grapplers ever to appear in Montreal. He has fought Lou Thesz, Gene Stanlee, Frank Sexton and in all has participated in over 1000 bouts winning 85 percent of them. His movie work in "Foreign Affair" with Marlene Dietrich was noted by the critics—definitely a youngster to be seen in action.

Lee Henning hates to be called a dirty fighter, insisting he is a "tough" mat man. But that's not what Yvon Robert says after his recent bout with Lee. Born 34 years ago in Saratoga Iowa, the cradle of American wrestling. Henning has been engaging in Mat Bouts for over 12 years. Wrestling all over the States and the rest of the world, he has obtained a great fund of knowledge from his innumerable adversaries. A typical

grappler, Lee stands 6 ft. 1 inch in height and scales 245 lbs. with a 50 inch chest. Lee says his toughest match was with Sandor Szabo. Frank Sexton and Lou Thesz also took him a good distance but admitted they knew they had been in a fight. Hennings favorite methods of attack are the knee smash and the elbow jolt, with these, used when his opponent is off guard, he always goes in to win and puts everything he has into pinning his opponent. Despite his rough, tough ring work, Lee is a popular wrestler with an "out of the ring" manner that belies his unruly wrestling in its confines. He is married and is a devoted husband. Hobbies are fishing and golf, and all told, he has engaged in over 1,500 fights winning 75 percent. But for his innumerable disqualifications for roughness, the percentage would be close to 95. A few years ago, Lee used an extremely orthodox style of grappling, relying on the holds and counters. He discarded them for the Bar Room Brawling methods, capitalizing on the popularity of other "bad men" whom the audience just "loved" to hate. Since that time he has risen rapidly in the esteem of the promoters and the public.

Editorial

(Continued from page 5)

orable member of Society. With the money he is paid, goes the fractured skulls and publicity. With the broken ribs, the radio interviews and with the trachoma the television appearances. He accepts the good and the bad as they come. Fortune and misfortune are things to make one happy or hurdles to leap over.

But the one thing he doesn't take lying down is the generally accepted view that he is a lame brain, muscled from the neck UP. This belief in all Brawn and no brains stems from the old Beef, beer and belly era of

Strength athletics—from the days when dock-wallopers and slaughter house workers entered the ranks of the Wrestlers and Pugilists. But from that time until the present, the world of education has enlarged while the world of distance has grown less. Learning is almost universal while the globe of time has been reduced by travel to twenty-four hours and progress extended to every phase of human endeavor.

Modern wrestlers are men of mental substance. The very lowest standard of education among them is a High School one. The Highest—a Doctor of Philosophy and Master of Arts and more, and yet a perverse public insists on an unjust conception of the professional athlete. In every instance, where wrestlers have forsaken the Mat and entered private business, have they proved outstanding successes. As business men, they are able to conceal their shrewdness beneath their battered faces, and as business men they are thus able to turn the tables on those who hold them in poor repute and cheaply as men of the world. One of the contributing factors has been the appearance of the wrestler in movies. In a part which calls for a tough inhuman brute, no man can chill you, fill you with dread like Mike Mazurki. Audiences have nominated him as the "Man they would most like to Murder", yet here is one who despite his brutal inhuman appearance, has one of the highest intellects. A graduate of Columbia University and a former securities salesman, Mike is one of the best paid men in his profession.

We could go on and tell you of intensive research by world renowned Universities—of the Work by the Carnegie Foundation which proved quite conclusively that as athletes, wrestlers are the best educated and possess the highest IQ of any group—that as men they are social assets—that as wage earners they rate tops. No other professional athletes are as well paid. The Department of Internal Revenue, in its official statistics lists wrestlers as being among the Higher Income Groups. Gorgeous George, born George Wagner, earns close to $200,000.00 a year. There are others who rate as high and scores who top the $20,000.00 annually mark. Taking into consideration the length of their athletic lives, wrestlers earn more than any other athlete during his period of activity in competition.

Lord Lansdowne, former West Coast grappler, operates a string of night clubs in that area. Ed Don George is one of the most successful promoters in North Eastern America. Ed Strangler Lewis was an outstanding success as a Public Relations Man, Ralph Silverstein is an expert in the Study of Semantics, Joe Toots Mondt, top Promoter in America, LeRoy McGuirk Vice President of the National Wrestling Alliance and foremost promoter in the Oklahoma district—all three men, former professional wrestlers, form a very small section of the successful Mat Men who have entered the world of commerce. Don't treat cheaply men who, because they happen to bear the marks of their trade as honorable wounds, are chosen as the villains of the piece in a film story, or are nominated as morons merely because they make use of the strength God gave them. Treat them, think of them as they are—as MEN and men who bring into the world a great deal of happiness and entertainment.

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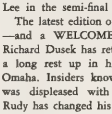
(Continued from page 3)

Counter Intelligence Corps.
Among the oldtimers noted for their mental capacity is Stanislaus Zybysco. Zibbie can speak seven languages fluently and is by profession a lawyer. The younger generation has in its ranks such men as Tony Cosenze, a violinist of Concert Caliber and Henry Wittenberg, a college man and Sergeant in the New York Police Department. Leroy McGuirk and Verne Gagne are both ex-college men. Mike Mazurki is a Columbia graduate and film star. Nat Pendleton another university and movie star—and to top it all off, we have Eiler Henricksen, a Doctor of Philosophy who is a leading Geologist and Uranium prospector for Jones and Laughlin, the biggest steel manufacturers in the country—you see, Mat men are above average in mentality as well as being exactly that in strength and physique. As Eugene Sandow, the Father of Physical Culture said some years ago—"A healthy mind in a healthy body."

Strongly yours

Joseph Weider



Wrestling Whirl

(Continued from page 9)

from St. Louis injured his shoulder and was unable to continue the "knock 'em down and bury 'em" brawl. Yukon Eric took the first fall after 9 minutes 11 seconds of grappling while Lou Thesz pinned Eric for the second in 5 minutes 19 seconds. On the same card Bobby Managoff made short work of Ski Hi Lee in the semi-final bout.

The latest edition of the Dusek Riot Squad —and a WELCOME ADDITION—Young Richard Dusek has returned to the East after a long rest up in his Nebraskan home in Omaha. Insiders know that Big Boss Rudy was displeased with Dick's first showing. Rudy has changed his views and has received Dick into the ranks of the Dusek Riot Squad.

So you wanna referee a wrestling match huh? Soft touch sez you? Harken ye to the tale of woe. Official Bob Sauer of the Colorado State Athletic Commission was removed to the Denver General Hospital after being seriously injured in line of duty. Sauer was officiating the third and deciding fall of a Tag Team Match between Danny Loos and Tugger Zeke against Jim Blood and Joe Bennicassa, when in an attempt to avoid being hit with a flying tackle, he lost his balance and toppled over the top rope, striking his head on a chair. His condition is listed as critical. So you wanna referee a wrestling match huh?

Some of the most popular and successful matches ever held in New York City were those between Gene Stanlee and Antonino Rocca. Both top box office draws, the two Mat Men will make a habit of it with a Nation Wide tour. At Columbus, Ohio, the promotor had Rocca and Stanlee billed as top bout at the indoor Haft Arena, but advance sale was so great that he was forced to move it outdoors to the much larger Fairgrounds Coliseum. A special section was erected to seat a thousand school children and 2000 general admission fans. A series of matches between these two top wrestling attractions are bound to give our favorite sport a large charge.

Incidentally, Rocca has just returned from a successful three week tour of the Californian Clubs. Tony jumped his way into the hearts of the Mat Fans out on the Coast. Promotors are trying to arrange a prolonged Foreign Series of bouts winding up in Argentina—a case of mixing business with pleasure.

Tiny Roebuck, former grappling ace, is now acting the part of the "THIRD MAN"—in the ring that is. Tiny had a long and distinguished career meeting and defeating the best wrestlers of his time. A former Gridiron star, Tiny first turned to boxing and performed a gentleman of distinction act by "switching" to Wrestling—the latter sport fitted him as the peel does a banana.

Danny McShain, the Fighting Irishman from Glendale, California, is packing them in around the Eastern Seaboard. Danny Boy is a fully qualified pilot with many hours of "bird time" to his credit each year. Wally Dusek is another wrestler who handles the controls of his own flying machine.

Local sports gazettes recorded the fact that Enrique Torres drew 15,000 fans in St. Louis, 11,000 in Pittsburgh, 10,000 in Cleveland and 8,000 in Cincinnati: That's quite a heap of drawing power for a promotor to have around. The popular Mexican Mat Man claims the world's championship by virtue of the victory he scored over George Becker in Los Angeles way back in 1946. Torres, beyond any doubt is one of the most popular grapplers and the brightest star we have in the field today.

Roland Meeker, Gentleman Grappler, rates tops as Good Will Ambassador between the wrestlers and the fans. Meeker is the type of man who makes a friend out of everyone he meets. His courteous manner and sportsmanlike behavior in and out of the ring has paid off well for this youngster. Promotors have

realized his great drawing power at the gate, have raised him to main event bookings in short order—Result—Roland Meeker—Headliner.

University of Minnesota's big All American football player, Leo (the Lion) Nomellini made his long awaited professional mat debut in St. Paul, Minn. Leo held out for a main event spot to launch his new career and finally was given his way. Against opponent Vic Holbrook, Leo was victorious in short order flattening the seasoned grappler in 10 minutes 5 seconds. Tony Stecher, the Minneapolis Promotor was at the ring side to get a look at Leo who COULD be built up into his top attraction. After the match, Stecher said, "Nomellini showed me more than I ever expected to see—he's got power to burn and so far as I am concerned he can work for me any time he wants to."

Holbrook, victim of the debut, said, "He's strong, yep, the strongest man I have ever met and that's saying a lot for I've been in there with Bronko Nagurski." In his second match, Nomellini was pitted against Earl Wampler, the Iowa Bad Man. Earl has built up quite a reputation as the best trial horse in the game. Leo was declared the winner in 18 minutes. He handled the Iowa ruffy like a baby and displayed a great knowledge of the sport's finer points throughout the entire exhibition. Watch this boy Leo Nomellini, he might well turn out to be another Bronko Nagurski.

Big Ben Morgan, the bearded veteran can be seen around Central Canada—Rocca and Primo Carnera drew 15,875 people who paid $36,825.00 to watch their match in Caracas, Venezuela—Tony Galento also drew a huge crowd at the Caracas Bull Ring—Bull wasn't the only stuff thrown there.

The hallowed Grappling Record books disclose the fact that Ed Strangler Lewis and Joe Malcewicz wrestled for three hours and twenty minutes at the Braves Field in Boston on July 1st, 1926. The match was promoted by Paul Bowser and drew over 10,000 people —ah, for those good old days all over again.

Dennis James, crack Dumont Telecaster, has the biggest following of any T. V. announcer. A special detail of police are needed to keep ringsiders away from him during the intermission. James, a slightly built gent, has several times, been in danger of being crushed to death by his huge enthusiastic following—good thing the minions of the law are on the job.

Don't miss the Zaharias Brothers, Tag Team Tuffies of Tip Top Caliber. They give the fans a real show for their simoleons every time they exhibit their wares. The boys are at present in the New York area under the direction of Toots Mondt.

NEW YORK TUSSLES

Captain Ruffy Silverstein was interviewed by your Editor in Toots Mondt's office the other afternoon. Toots opines Ruffy is the world's greatest Mat Man. I know two or three guys who would give him quite an argument on that score—Bert Assirati, British empire and European champion, Ivor Martensen, Lou Thesz and Frank Sexton. Hey Toots — wanna make a REAL match — fix up Ruffy with Henry Wittenberg, if you can get Henry to turn in his cop's shield for a pair of pro wrestling trunks. All personal opinions aside, I thoroughly enjoyed talking with Ruffy —a real sportsman and a cultured gentleman if ever there was one. His civic record is outstanding and his scholastic score one of the highest in the Grappling Ranks. A former Collegiate champion—National—Silverstein is commencing his second campaign to capture the world title. His personal challenge of $1,000.00 side stakes to any wrestler in the ring today has as yet gone unanswered. Don't miss the chance of watching one of the finest and most scientific Mat Men this country has turned out. Captain Silverstein is appearing in the New York area during the next few weeks.

The exciting match between Don Eagle and Gene "The bean" Stanlee at Ridgewood arena was halted by the 11 p. m. curfew. Eagle had the fans screaming for more when he left the ring. Don is certainly one of the most attractive wrestlers I have watched in many a long day. His repertoire of holds keeps the pace fast and furious. Stanlee was his usual provocative self and was showing the strain of his recent intensive campaign. Gene has been working too hard of late and needs a rest—he certainly deserves one—appeared in more Charity shows than any other Mat Man.

The boy to watch is Ioanis Kostolias, a New Greek star. In the States but three weeks. Ioanis has already taken veteran Harry Finkelstein and easily mastered Tiny Mills last week at Jamaica. Kostolias is due to face Bud Curtis, noted for his drop kick tactics. Quick stardom is predicted for this young man who has caught the fancy of the fans with his amazing technique. Relying almost entirely on the use of his legs, Kostolias demonstrates brilliantly this "long lost" art, last seen in the days of Joe Stecher, Freddy Grubmeier and Jim Browning.

La Verne Baxter, Arkansas Tough Guy, has long been of the opinion that Television is the ruination of Wrestling. The other night he did something about it by heaving an opponent over on to the broadcasting apparatus, wrecking same. Baxter is back in New York City again and faces Kenny Ackles in a semi-final at the Jamaica Arena.

Iron Mike Mazurki is also back in the Big Burg with the fans hard put to tell whether they like him better on the screen or on the mat. Quite a guy this Mike—combining two careers and making a decided success of both of them. Had quite an enjoyable time talking to Mazurki about his experiences in London while he was making the film "Night and the City." It's good to hear the names of all your pals mentioned—especially when you are so far away from home.

Watch for a story about young Walter Bookbinder soon. Winner of many physical excellence contests and as powerful as the proverbial ox, Walter is fast learning all the tricks of the trade. Clean and colorful, he already has a fan club working full pressure to popularize him—as if he needs it.

Walter Kamiroff, youngest of the Three Kamiroff brothers coming rapidly to the fore as a first class Trip and Toss 'em Gladiator. Weighing 205 lbs. at a height of 5 ft. 10 inches, Walter was coached by his elder brothers and facing rough tough seasoned grapplers, has done quite well. With his speed and science, Kamiroff is destined to go far. Well liked by the fans and a definite object of feminine admiration, his ability has not gone unnoticed.

WEST COAST NEWS AND GOSSIP

Dangerous Danny McShain has strutted the wrestling boards for nigh on 20 years, engaging in more than 3,000 matches—must like his work! Danny originally came out of Glendale High School, California, where he starred in Track and field. He clocked "evens" for the "100" competing regularly against such record breakers as Charley Paddock and Frank Wykoff. Leaving Glendale High, Danny attended University of Southern California Law School in Los Angeles. His feature hold is the step over toe hold.

Until Gorgeous George came along with his perfume, hairdo, long robes, and bobby pin ceremony, McShain had one of the most colorful ring entrances of any grappler. He never climbs through the ropes, but jumps over the top one with his robe whirling and swirling about him like a bull fighters cape. He has a routine of three workouts a week along with his regular shows. He divides these into road work or hill climbing, regular set up in the gymnasium to root out the flaws, sharpen old grips and try out new leverages. "Once in the ring," says McShain, "it's the survival of the fittest. We all want to win, but in every contest there is a winner AND a loser—so I lose hard—I lose my temper—and I lose the match. But of course, the customer is always right and we must all try to please—a wrestler has to be in love with his work to stick to it—it's a grim game —lots of hazards, injuries. I've been in many hospitals with a broken nose, crushed shoulders, cracked ribs and a fractured jaw. One of my knees has bothered me since the war—I injured it in a landing boat in the South Pacific . . . "

In Wild Red Berry's office at his Boy's Health School in Pittsburg, Kansas, hangs a chart all boys must follow. Here are some of Red's health don'ts.

Don't eat fried foods. Boiled, broiled or stewed food is more digestible.

Don't eat pie, cake or cookies to excess.

Don't use strong tea or coffee.

Don't eat spicy or highly seasoned foods.

Here are some of Red's do's—Eat cooked breakfast foods. Have at least one serving of meat daily such as lean beef, chicken liver, chicken, beef liver, fish. Chew your food thoroughly. Use lemon juice in place of vin-

egar. Drink one glass of water, hot or cool, half an hour before breakfast. Bathe in water near body heat.

Enrique Torres got a break a lot of people didn't—Nature, that wise old Dame, never did a better job of co-ordination. Torres is handsome—strong—he has poise—leverage, science, balance and that wrestling ability that lifts you right out of your seat. When this magnificent specimen of dark skinned manhood climbs into the ring, he has no need of a gorgeous silk bath robe or long hair or incense or any of the multitudinous trappings which take the place of wrestling ability in so many of the present day Mat mastodons. They didn't have any Mr. America contests down in Sonoro—where he hails from—or he'd most certainly have won it. Arenas in which he works double their feminine attendance.

Torres stands 6 feet 2 inches and scales 240 pounds. When he was a boy, he joined one of the Governments Youth Development projects and made his first start at Baja. A prime favorite, he played to huge crowds in every South West city, breaking the St. Louis mark with 15,000 when in the east.

Fred Kohler, Grappling Czar in Chicago, thinks wrestling should have a National Association Set Up with a czar like Happy Chandler of baseball fame in charge. "Wrestling" says Fred, "is now run on a go as you please basis—uncontrolled and unofficial, promotors in the various cities have their own private champions and don't risk getting them tarnished by meeting other sectional champions." Kohler goes on to say that all sectional champions should be brought together in one big tournament and the real title holder determined.

A former tool and die maker, Kohler began as a mat promotor by staging amateur shows in a small arena back of his Dad's saloon. He got a dollar a head and room for about 200. From this beginning, he built it into a chain that does thousands of dollars business each year. Fred claims that the ideal conditioner for football teams is wrestling. "You let me develop a football squad with grappling and I'll give you a team that can go the distance any day."

A true Mat Man—a fighter in the ring, Leroy McGuirk remains undefeated by man's most formidable opponent out of it—total blindness. When all the bright things of this world was cut from his vision, when the faces of his loved ones could no more be seen, he accepted the challenge. Champion for 15 of the 39 years of his life, McGuirk is as active as ever. He lost the sight of one eye as a child by accident. That handicap alone would have ruined most anyone else. Leroy went to Oklahoma A & M College at Stillwater, got his education, became a great amateur wrestler and represented the United States in the Olympic Games. Then Leroy became the world's professional champion. Fate took a hand in shaping his destiny. To avoid an accident that would have killed a jay walker, Leroy slammed his brakes flat—wearing driving glasses, his head struck the windshield, and a splinter from them struck the retina of his only eye. Surgery failed to save the sight. After six months of total blindness, he golfs, plays cards, takes long hikes, rides horseback and — plans to do a little wrestling.

How does a blind man manage to do these things? In golf he has help in lining up the shots. Leroy's great timing, excellent precision and perfect balance enables him to hit the ball far, hard and direct.

McGuirk plays cards by using a Braille deck. He learned the Braille system in a month, so he could pass an eighth grade examination. Books and magazines are read from raised letters. The affairs of the world are kept up with by conversation and a machine recording of articles in the Saturday Evening Post and Readers Digest. His wrestling won't be competitive—naturally—but Leroy CAN teach and keep in condition. McGuirk says that in wrestling, after body contact is made, sight isn't absolutely necessary — an opinion shared by Ruffy Silverstein— "Leverages are automatic and instinctive with me," says Leroy, who is partner and match maker with Sam Avey of Tulsa. . . . That's the McGuirk story. Future chapters are to come. Oklahoma once had a blind U. S. Senator by the name of Gore—loved by the whole Nation.

Joe Stecher, the great Nebraska Scissors King for years, has also lost his sight, we understand. The tall, willowy rancher's first claim to the American title came when Frank Gotch, the Iowa Hay Pitcher, was in temporary retirement because of an ailment. Stecher and Charlie Cutler of Chicago wrestled for the Championship at Omaha on July 4, 1915.

Cutler was regarded as a sure thing but Stecher pinned him in a rush—a one-sided 40 minute affair with Cutler on the defensive all the time. Then Gotch, sick as he was, began talking about a comeback. It would be Iowa against Nebraska—two great states both famous for great wrestlers.

People of both States, and all over the world—bristled with tense excitement for they scented blood. Farmers mortgaged their land and city slickers bet their bank rolls on their favorite in anticipation of a clean up. Gotch was in the audience the night Stecher beat Cutler. He told the referee, Ed Smith, "Stecher never could have done that to me." But this mat natural, this super colossal grappling bout never came off. Gotch had a stomach disorder that later took him to his grave. As sick as he was, Gotch would have had a million followers betting on him because he was one of the greatest of the wrestlers. The body scissors of Stecher was a hideous thing when he vised his man in them, so the question as to whether Stecher could have beaten Gotch went unanswered—but to this day the farmers of Nebraska and Iowa can still work up a sweat, arguing about it.

Ernie and Emil Dusek, famed Nebraskan brothers, are credited with originating tag team wrestling. There are two other members of the family—borthers Rudy and Joe who have also made names on the mat. One night, Ernie and Emil were battling the two great Latins, Enrique Torres and Vincent Lopez. A free for all started when the fans invaded the ring. Ernie says he looked up and saw 32 people in the ring so he just kept on swinging. "I couldn't tell a spectator from an opponent, but anyway, my brother and I got away alive" he laughed.

It's rumored in the beauty parlors that Gorgeous George has imported some rare fabrics from France, India, China, Japan and South America for his collections. The ancient art of catch as catch can wrestling has had its Terrible Turks, Masked Marvels, Blimps and Angels—all unusual and colorful—but Gorgeous George, whose real name is Wagner has made a fortune by being—ooooh so sweet. George has spent so much time in beauty parlors undergoing hair-does and beauty treatment, that he finally bought a couple in Hollywood. He also owns a big turkey ranch near Salem, Oregon.

Two of the four Zaharias brothers are now wrestling in New York City. Chris and Babe appear as a Tag Team while Tom and George are promotors. George and his wife, the famed Babe Didrikson, live in Denver. All the Zaharias boys own ranches in Colorado. They grow onions, wheat and cattle, and also work silver and gold mines. Chris and Babe are billed as the Crippling Greeks from Cripple Creek.

Sandor Szabo, Hungarian Adonis, once held Jimmy Londos to a draw. The bout lasted two hours and ten minutes. Szabo later defeated Bronko Nagurski for the championship of the National Wrestling Association tournament. He lost it to Wild Bill Longson of St. Louis and afterwards reclaimed it from Steve Casey. Louis Thesz, present champion, defeated Szabo.

Lou Thesz is considered the master of the old "Jim Londos" spin. The hold can sometimes be worked out of the crotch leverage. Thesz is from St. Louis, weighs 225 pounds and stands 6 feet one inch.

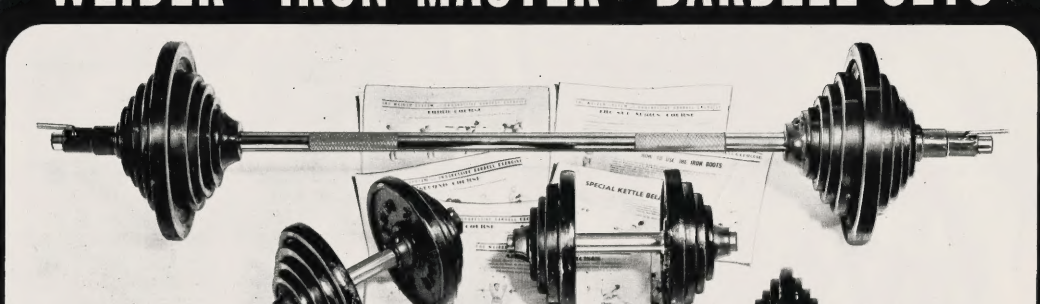
Frank Sexton's best holds are the leg scissors, copied from Joe Stecher, and the head lock of Ed Strangler Lewis.

Big drawing cards in California now are Gorgeous George, Baron Leone, Lord Blears and the Great Scott. All wear long hair. There's a heap of color and ceremony tied up in these four.

John Cretorio of Canton, Ohio, was once a catcher in a trapeze act, as well as being a strongman in a circus.

Next Month Cover:
GENE STANLEE

WEIDER "IRON MASTER" BARBELL SETS



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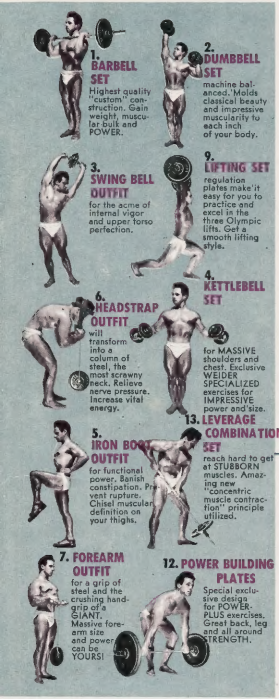

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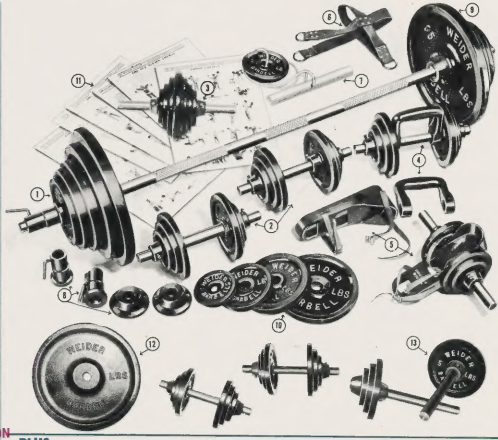

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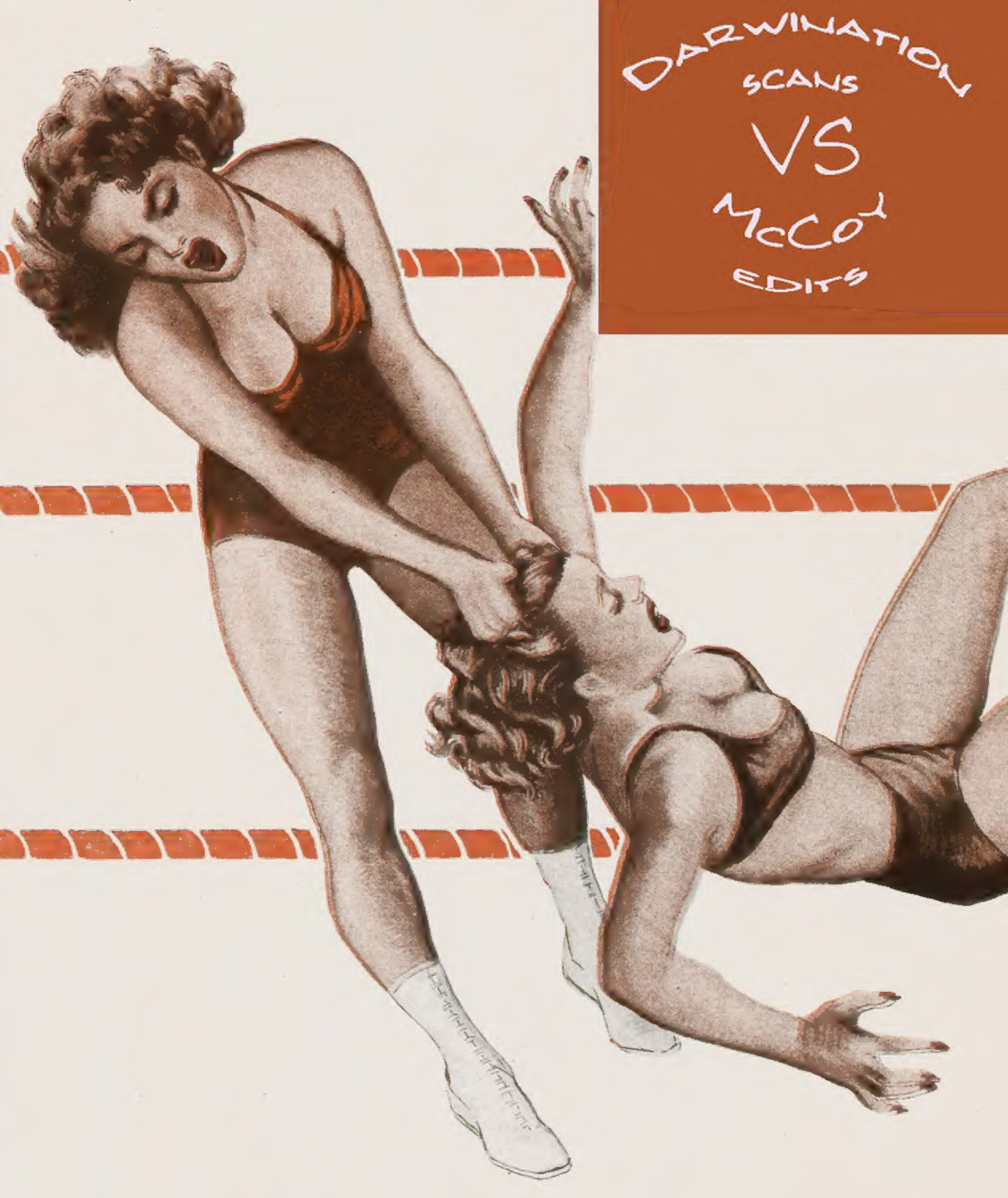
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